

MOVIE WEEKLY

March 4th

1922

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*The Tempestuous
Romance of
Jack Gilbert
and Leatrice Joy*

*What is
Hollywood
Really Like?
A Closeup Focused
by Betty Compson*

*Mack Sennett
Bathing Girl*

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Movie Weekly's Stand on the Taylor Case

THE tragic death of William D. Taylor, well-known Paramount director, a cultured, studious, and evidently quiet-living man, has shocked the motion picture colony and the general public.

The attitude of the picture folks is that of deep sorrow for the loss of one they esteemed. There is a bitter seriousness in the protest of the producing executives against the sweeping condemnation that is expressed via the newspapers. Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-President of Famous Players-Lasky; Samuel Goldwyn, President of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and others, have banded together to get to the bottom of Taylor's death. No expense will be spared to prosecute the guilty one. No expense will be spared to right the entire picture colony—which, unfortunately, has been branded by this second disaster within so short a span of time—in the eyes of the public.

"Movie Weekly" takes the stand of non-partizanship. Motion pictures and everyone in them are our friends. The public is our friend.

The public surely wants to know about Mr. Taylor and what is going on out West. These reportorial details can be read in the papers from day to day.

It therefore ill behooves a weekly magazine to poach on newspaper ground. What "Movie Weekly" is going to do is to publish the life story of William D. Taylor.

We have authorized a well-known writer to gather this material for us and within the course of a few issues it will be run in from three to four instalments.

"Movie Weekly" will not cast opprobrium on the motion picture players, or upon the picture colony. If there is to be anything said, let it come from the authorities. We are, therefore, expecting soon such a series from people well-known in the industry. This will give you the real truth of Hollywood by those who know and are fearless enough to say what they know.

Out in Los Angeles, the *Times*, a local paper, rises to say: "Among the film people one can see delightful, romantic, wholesome domesticity on the one hand, or an amazing effrontery in free love on the other. There was one little lady at a hotel whose ideas were

distinctly interesting. A frightful crash was heard at midnight and it appeared an irate husband had forcibly removed another man from her room via the window route."

Everyone admits that there is this cancerous eaten side of the film colony. But why rail at it? Wipe it out. That's what is going to be done at Hollywood. The Taylor tragedy, following in the footsteps of the Arbuckle case, has aroused the ire of every home-loving Hollywoodite that suffers in the sin shadow cast by such cases.

The whole trouble seems to be that the public has been fed up with eulogistic stories about the stars, and, judging from the sundry letters that come into this office, many fans actually believe them to be "little tin gods." They aren't. But, on the other hand, they aren't a black and thoroughly demoralized set.

At this writing, the Taylor mystery is unsolved. Much speculation is heard on all sides. We refuse to indulge in this pastime. William D. Taylor's life has been one of adventure and romance, and it will all be told in a vivid and dramatic style in his story as we will publish it in "Movie Weekly."

We ask our readers not to turn radically against Hollywood and the motion picture people there. Keep your head during this crisis and don't say anything against any man or woman that will shame you when the Taylor mystery is finally solved.

We reiterate. Our stand in this case is that of a non-partizan. What is yours? Write and tell us. We are interested.

A NOVELTY—BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Is there such a thing as novelty in pictures? There is.

Beginning next week we run a series of articles entitled "Norma Talmadge—Fortune Teller."

Norma will tell you some very interesting things about causes and effects that are founded on superstition.

Are you superstitious by any chance?

If you are, you will be tremendously interested in what Norma has to say.

Even if you are not, you will be interested, for the series is written in a way that will interest all.

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MOVIE WEEKLY

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The Tempestuous Romance of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy—The charming story of their courtship and marriage

SO at last Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy are married!

They've been engaged goodness knows how long—so long that people began to think they never would really marry. You know how it is with those long engagements. The romance seems to wear off.

But not so with Jack and Leatrice. Romance was as rosy for them on the day of their wedding as on that first day out at the Goldwyn studio—

But to begin at the beginning.

It was first at the home of friends that the two met. Jack Gilbert had always imagined that he liked blondes—until he met Leatrice. It must have been love at first sight on his part, and as for Leatrice, she acknowledges that she always thought him a captivating youth.

However, Miss Joy is a sensible little girl. Besides, Gilbert was married, though separated from his wife for some time when he met Miss Joy. Miss Joy is a straightforward girl, who decides what to do and does it, let the chips fall where they may.

So the relationship was merely a very nice, fine friendship, with many mutual tastes. They went about a little together, to friends' homes, once in a great while to the theatre, sometimes to a cafe to dance.

Miss Joy is a talented artist. In fact, she intended making her living by her brush at one time, hoping to go to Paris. But the war broke out, and she didn't go. Jack was very fond of works of art, and whenever the two heard there was a rare painting on view anywhere, they always rushed together to see it.

Both, too, are musicians, which makes another bond between the pair.

So the friendship went on for two years or more, with each finding a great and pure joy in each other's society. Miss Joy is an intellectual girl. She doesn't care at all for the life of the cafes, except in as much

LEATRICE JOY
that was;
MRS. JACK
that is,
WHO ONCE
DECLARED:
"YES, I'LL MARRY
YOU SOMETIME."

BUT I'M NOT
IN A HURRY.
YOU SEE HERE'S
MY
CAREER."

as she can study types there; she loves to study and read good books. And while Jack occasionally likes a ripping good time, he infinitely prefers companionship with Miss Joy.

"She's a wonderful girl!" he told me last summer, when I learned of their engagement.

A very natural remark, of course—but then it happens this time to be true.

It was while she was playing "Bunty," at the Goldwyn studio, that the two came to know each other well. Jack Gilbert was playing a part down there. They used often to lunch together and discuss pictures and other impersonal subjects. But the leaven of their natural attraction for each other was working all the time. Gilbert at the time was an ambitious young actor who wanted to be a director. He got his wish recently with Fox, but has since gone back to acting.

"Yes, I'll marry you sometime," Miss Joy told Jack when he made known his love. "But I'm not a bit in a hurry. You see, there's my career."

"I won't interfere with your career," answered Jack. "I'm anxious for one myself. Therefore I sympathize. Why not start our careers together?"

All this was after Jack had obtained his divorce.

But some cloud came between them—a foolish quarrel. Jack is a very jealous young man, and the clever and vivacious Miss Joy has many admirers. Not that she ever cared a speck for any of them, though. But Jack has a quick temper, and perhaps she teased him a little. At any rate, there was a breaking off of the engagement which lasted many weeks. Occasionally they met by accident, and each looked the other way.



A LOVELY
PICTURE
of
LEATRICE
taken from
HER LAST
PRODUCTION
"SATURDAY
NIGHT"
A CECIL
DE MILLE
SPECIAL

A STRIKING PICTURE
of JACK GILBERT who
RHAPSODICALLY EXCLAIMS
OF HIS CHARMING WIFE,
"SHE'S A WONDERFUL GIRL".

But finally Jack decided that life was just too dull without Leatrice, and he wrote her. She didn't answer; but one day they jostled into each other at a cafe. Both looked surprised. Both blushed. Then they—laughed!

And laughter is the best thing in the world to bring people together again. It dusts all the cobwebs out of people's brains, and clears the air between them; it is the best thing in the world to dispel the miasma of cherished grievances.

They said: "Hello!" quite as if they had seen each other yesterday.

Jack called on Leatrice. Leatrice said: "Oh, all right, she'd sing a song for Jack." She sang one she used to sing in the old days. And—

Oh, well, you know as well as I do what music does to people's emotions, especially sentimental music, and this song, as I understand, was a sentimental song.

After that they went together a few weeks, and then decided to wed.

But nothing prosaic for them! They travelled down to Tia Juana, in Mexico, which seems to be fast becoming the Gretna Green of picture actors. Here, according to the odd formula of the Mexicans, which takes about a day to go through with, they were married.

The actual ceremony before the Mexican justice of the peace is very short; but the preliminaries are soul wearying. There is a physical examination, so-called, though it consists mostly in merely asking whether anybody in the applicant's family spits blood or not; and there are various papers to sign. But from Mexico to all the world goes out the word that the couple are married.

The pair spent a short honeymoon in San Diego—a few hours, I believe, and then came home to Los Angeles. Leatrice is now working with Thomas Meighan in a picture at the Lasky studio, and Jack is starring in a Fox feature.

They live in a lovely little bungalow in Laurel Canyon, and are as happy as they deserve to be, and that's just as happy as anybody could be in this world.

They are planning to build a home of their own.

Miss Joy is getting ready to play the lead with Cecil de Mille in Alice Duer Miller's story, "Manslaughter," and to the end that she may thoroughly understand the psychology and reaction of a woman of gentle birth who has committed manslaughter, she is studying all the psychological novels and all the people who in any way resemble the heroine of the story.

All of which shows that, even if she is now Mrs. Jack Gilbert, she is not one whit less ambitious than of old.

GRACE KINGSLEY.

What is Hollywood

An Intimate Closeup of the Picture Colony

Focused by BETTY COMPSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: The title of this article is a question that seems to be uppermost in the minds of picture fans. It occurred to us that Betty Compson, the author of "MATRIMONY IS A CAREER," which appeared in an earlier issue of "Movie Weekly," was especially suited to answer this national question. And so she writes this answer, exclusively to "Movie Weekly." If our readers wish to ask any questions in turn, we are confident Miss Compson will be happy to answer them.

YOU have seen stories about Hollywood in the papers of your town or city; you may be sure that every other city is reading them, too. Many of these stories take an unfriendly tone. Vague reference is made to "Hollywood parties," allowing the inference to be made that disgusting orgies are a usual thing here; veiled slurs are cast upon the hotels, the studios, the homes of Hollywood. It is time something was done to bring the truth to light, and I am frankly and sincerely eager to do my bit toward that end.

Even for readers who have never been here, I don't need to write about the physical features of the lovely place—its hills, green or brown in Summer or Winter, its palm-bordered walks and rose-grown gardens, its boulevards and bungalows, the smallest with its roomy ward, rising from busy Hollywood Boulevard to the quiet and peace of the lower hill-tops.

At a baseball game, we always stand up for the seventh inning. Well, in this, the seventh year of my life in Hollywood, I am going to stand up—for my home town, and for my friends who live here!

To begin with, we of the screen are not different from other people. While I was doing "The Miracle Man," mother and I lived in a bungalow on one of those Hollywood hill-tops, from which we had a wonderful view across the valley to the snow-capped San Bernardino mountains. I was so busy at work every day, and often at night, that none of my neighbors even knew I was in motion pictures until "Bill," my Spitz terrier, got into a fight with another dog down the street one day when mother was downtown. The owner of the other dog insisted upon talking with me



Mary Miles Minter isn't a law-breaker in this case. She's sittin' on her own sign that protects the property she has just purchased to build a bungalow upon.

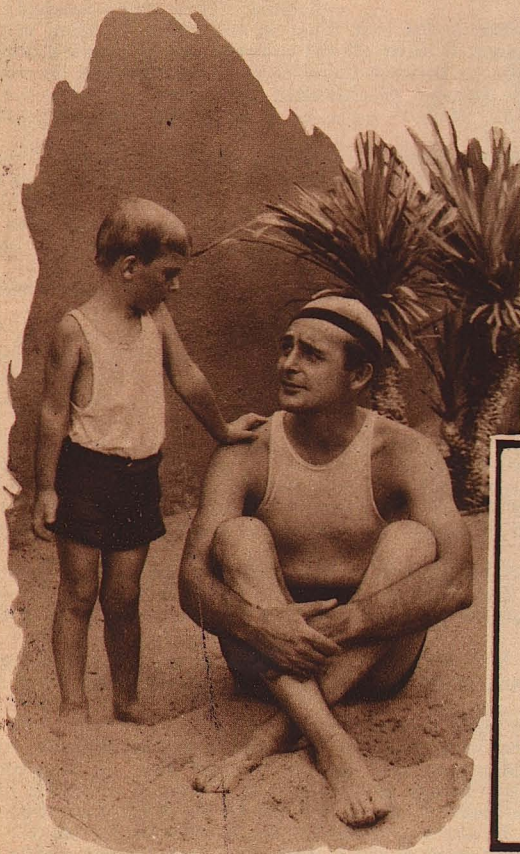


May McAvoy, who believes in everyone having his!

There are those who claim Wallie is about as "wild cat-ey" as they come, but here he is taking orders from his youthful son, Bill.



Conrad Nagel, church man and leading man.



Really Like ?

immediately, so my maid called me at the studio. Until then, I think, there had been an idea about the neighborhood that I was a trained nurse!

But this story isn't to be about myself. It is to be about Hollywood and the people you know through the screen, the folks who live here. I want to repeat just a scrap of conversation I heard the other morning. Mary Miles Minter met Constance Binney, in makeup and costume, just inside the studio gate.

"Good morning, Constance," called Mary, "what are you 'as' this morning?"

"Oh," laughed Constance, "you see me today 'as' little Edna, just about to elope to New Jersey."

What Mary replied—that "she hoped he was nice, to make up for New Jersey"—isn't the point. The point is that you always, or practically always, see your stars and players "as" in their screen character, while I see them, between scenes and after studio hours, "as is." That is the way I should like to show them to you. And I have no hesitation in saying that nine out of every ten of them would be very glad to have you see them, in their homes and at their recreation, just as their very intimates see and know them. The screen players, with very few exceptions, have nothing to conceal.

Of course, that is at the heart of the whole outcry against Hollywood. Among the people who have achieved prominence *via* the screen there are—because they *are* a perfectly representative group of good citizens—a few who lack restraint, who cannot stand prosperity, and fall into excesses. The trouble is that when one of these exceptions gets into trouble, at once he or she is given notoriety exactly proportionate to the friendly publicity which has preceded.

When a popular idol commits a real or alleged offense against good taste, the fall from his high estate always equals and frequently exceeds his former popularity. "The higher they are, the harder they fall," is a simple truth of human nature, and constitutes one of the penalties of screen fame or any other kind. In other words, the public wants its idols to be human, and yet is disappointed in them when it finds out that they are so.

But to get back to the Hollywooders and the Holly-would-be's and discuss another phase of the matter, addressing myself directly to you, gentle reader, as a representative of our collective "boss," the "interested public." There is on your part a tendency, unfortunate at times, to confuse the player with the part played. Particularly is this true if a star has played in a series of similar parts, or in a certain type of role in which, perhaps, she first won the public's heart.

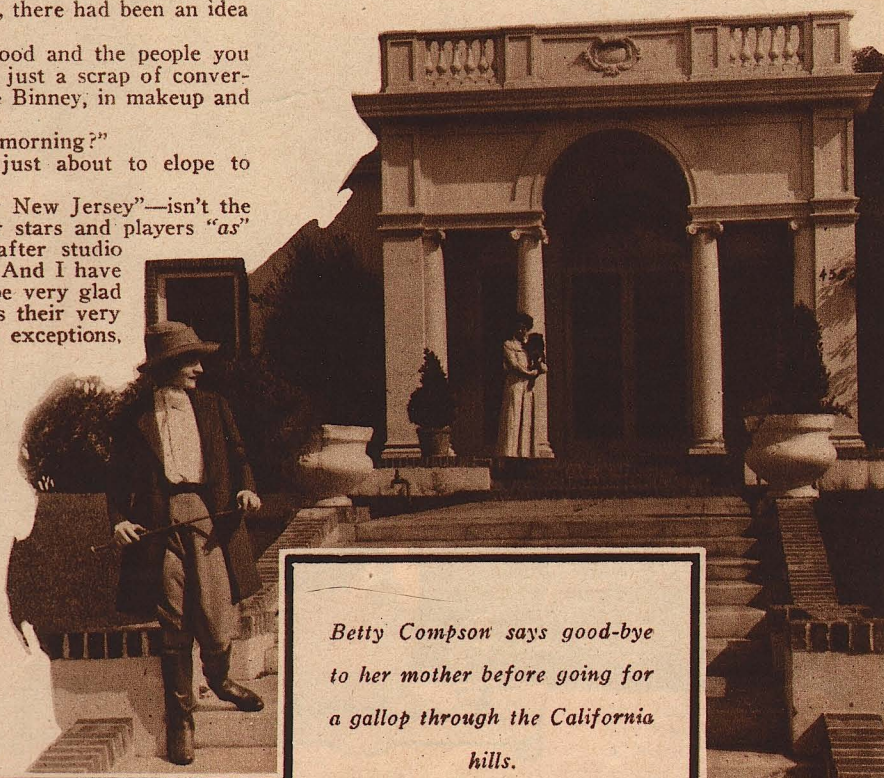
An illustration of this point is my good friend, Bebe Daniels. You have been used to seeing her in tomboy roles—sometimes a bit daring. "The Good Little Bad Girl," they called her. She is familiar to you as the worldly-wise flapper, looking for a new thrill. In a recent picture, she dressed in boy's clothes and went off at night, with another youngster, to a cock-fight attended chiefly by men of the sort that goes to cock-fights. It is a capital entertainment, as filmed, but however much of a shock it may be to you, I must tell you that it isn't Bebe Daniels.

To particularize, Bebe lives in a charming home (not in Hollywood, as it happens), with a charming mother and a quaint old grandmother like a picture in a book, and she seems perfectly happy under their care and chaperonage. Of course, she goes out, when she isn't working, and has her kind of a good time, but there's no doubt that many a present day "post-deb" would regard the social life led by Bebe Daniels and many other of the younger stars as "slow and stupid!"

The willingness of the layman to identify the actress with the part she plays is interesting. 'Fess up, now; wouldn't the reigning "vamp" in the days when we had vamps have lost out by letting you know that instead of inhabiting an apartment in which, through drifting clouds of incense, one occasionally caught glimpses of velour hangings, satin-draped couches and tiger-skin rugs, she really lived in a tiny green-and-white bungalow with a devoted husband and the two loveliest children in the world?

Conversely, does not the prize ingenue, the impersonator of sweet and sometimes sugary heroines, take a fall in your esteem when she gets into the divorce courts? Mind, I'm not saying that you should think less of her, but we both know that you do!

Now, make your own application of my argument to Hollywood, where most of the screen players live. Consider, for instance, Wanda Hawley, who thinks so much of the town that she recently built a beautiful home on one of its heights, where she lives with her husband. Parenthetically, to read some of the



Betty Compson says good-bye to her mother before going for a gallop through the California hills.



Betty, snapped at the studio.



Outside of being rumored engaged several times a week, Lila Lee leads a normal enough life.

(Continued on page 27)

Success of Favorite Movie Stars

By
William Leslie
French



Very Sincerely
Douglas Fairbanks

Barbara Leston

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second article of the two-part series that explains the success of favorite movie stars in their handwriting by one of the most notable of handwriting experts. If there are any questions pertaining to this series that our readers care to ask, just send them in and they will receive immediate consideration. We are planning a "surprise handwriting" article which will run in either next week's, or the week following, issue of "Movie Weekly." Look for it.

FAME has many fans. To be famous signifies the recognition of some sort of success achieved. And no surer fashion of determining the essential elements which make for high popular acclaim can be found than that which an individual exhibits in handwriting. It is the intimate link between the nerve-action of the hand and the mind. So when you regard the signatures of screen stars, you are looking squarely at the high or low lights switched on by the electrical currents of their personalities. The steady glow holds your attention. The power underneath you feel even if you do not know the cause. For this reason, if for no other, there is a wide demand for the personally-written signatures of men and women prominent in this expression of the drama. Likewise, upon the signature, every writer unconsciously places great stress in using certain strokes that declare the prominent traits. Handwriting is the natural private gesture of each person's whole makeup, and you will see that it only requires the eye and the mind working together to form a fair judgment.

Constance Talmadge

So in the minute and a half when Constance Talmadge was writing her name, she unconsciously put herself on record as a woman whose physical exuberance and love of action, health, trend of mind and energy, furnish her with considerable balance and poise. Her brain is alive with ideas, notions, warmed and flushed by a happy way of looking at life, temperamentally cheerful and laughter-loving. Still no amount of detailed work robs her of the pleasure of doing everything with a finished gesture.

She will say to any adverse criticism, "Well, I've done my best. Do you want more than that, for Heaven's sake?" Which shows that she enjoys using her wits and a bit of henna-toned temper. But only occasionally. In her comings and goings among her associates she moves calmly, easily, with even a half-indifferent air. Her capitals reach upwards as if to grasp some bigger thing upon which to lay the impress of her whole self. Here is her pride, her belief in a sun-lit future. She is reliable. Loyal—but a bit distrustful. She really admits few into intimate companionship. Her affections are potent, but her humorous eye would seize the amusing side of anyone who tried to be serious in a motor car. "Stop, look, listen," oh ye of the opposite



Mavis Chey



Gloria Swanson

sex! And she uses her brains always. Thus she is human enough to hold any material advantage as a cemented flight of stairs upon which she intends to tread steadily in aiming for the best in creative work.

Rodolph Valentino

In the same healthy atmosphere travels R. Valentino, whose even, well-poised fist moves ambitiously upwards, gesturing with his rather flamboyant capitals, exclamatory of his intense vitality and the conscious belief in himself. Each carefully-connected stroke invites you to look into his active mind, teeming with an intense desire to make good. In each curve lurks a laugh. In the straight base-line, strengthened by the long, underscoring sweep, he assures you frankly that he has a great deal of nerve and will never be satisfied until you meet him frequently. That bold hook on the end of his

Explained in Their Handwriting

"t" shows his grit, his clinching hold on every detail in order to produce in a versatile manner with artistic finesse. The way he gathers his letters together—a clutch—denotes his practical side. Once attempt to worst him by any ill-treatment and his whole temperament will arise with an adequate come-back. It would surprise you, as he is tactful and pleasing in manner. By nature vitally strong, he is the type who will meet flame with flame and enter into the gaiety of living. Yet, pressure being even, he understands the art of self-dominance. By this his advance along the stellar way can be measured by the height of his signature. Very high.

Gloria Swanson

"No possible probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever," that the immensely virile swing, well-balanced style with curve linear capitals shown by Gloria Swanson gives evidence that she possesses a vigorous personality. She is able to adapt herself to any new conception or situation, exhibiting a staying-power constant and lively. That lofty looped "l," combined with the long-curved pen-gait, tells of a frank, straightforward person who has a rapid speech, positive and clean-cut, while her fondness for rhythm and melody would be apparent in every pose, every gesture. A great love of beauty, music, and the wide open spaces causes her to think and act in the terms of nature and action. Still, having a dual personality, there is a luxurious appreciation of everything that can be offered in the way of enjoyment. An existence which winds and curves through the purlieus of light and even excitement, has an allure for her. So she gains in experience and responsiveness, being able to interpret them in her own fashion.

Actually emotion is one dominant keynote, the emotion which holds her through her picturesque vision. There is never any relaxation when she views ahead of her—big achievement. That long extended outward final ending is a positive emphatic exclamation that she is tireless to attain her goals.

Tom Meighan

An excellent letter of introduction is the signature of Thomas Meighan, whose slightly vertical script, firm pressure throughout, and perfect connecting strokes denote his active intelligence, self-control and assurance, in all emergencies. He has the determination to put things through despite any obstacles. He brings his positive bold extending stroke below the line in a masterly fashion,

*Sincerely yours
Constance Talmadge*

indicating his power of maintaining his point of view without yielding. Still, his rounded even flow reveals his disposition to be considerate and generally agreeable. Not liable to go out of his way to antagonize anyone, even though independence of character is markedly stated. His is the practical vision which enables him to plan and execute, for he has executive ability, tried or untried. Those who know him realize his personal reserves, his tendency to be close-mouthed concerning his private affairs. There is a sharp wit, even caustic at times. But this is not a high light of his general character. In the performance of any special assignment, his reliability and responsibility would be patent. The large, though simple style inscribed, taken with his high, well-constructed capital "M," enforces his tenacity of purpose, his aims,

Jack Huet



Thomas Meighan

with constant pride. A stable personality.

Barbara Castleton

The upright, easy-swinging pen-gait of Barbara Castleton, with the large appearance of her letter-formations, are a revelation of a clear, active mind and an adaptable and friendly attitude. No matter in what position she might find herself, she has the wit to extricate herself. Kindly and full of reserved power, she enters into the spirit of affairs readily, easily. No perpetual chip on her shoulder! When she barred her "t" with the little clutch at the end and the blunted form of her finals, she answers in a semi-jovial fashion, "Oh, I am able to take care of myself all right. I can keep my end up."

Buck Jones

"There, I guess that will do," is the remark Buck Jones lets forth in a haphazard fashion, when he dashed off his name. The rapid, forceful slant upwards to the right photographs clearly his optimistic, buoyant nature. He holds one definite idea in his mind—to get there by every possible effort. The fairly heavy pressure reinforced by

Buck Jones



J. Valentino

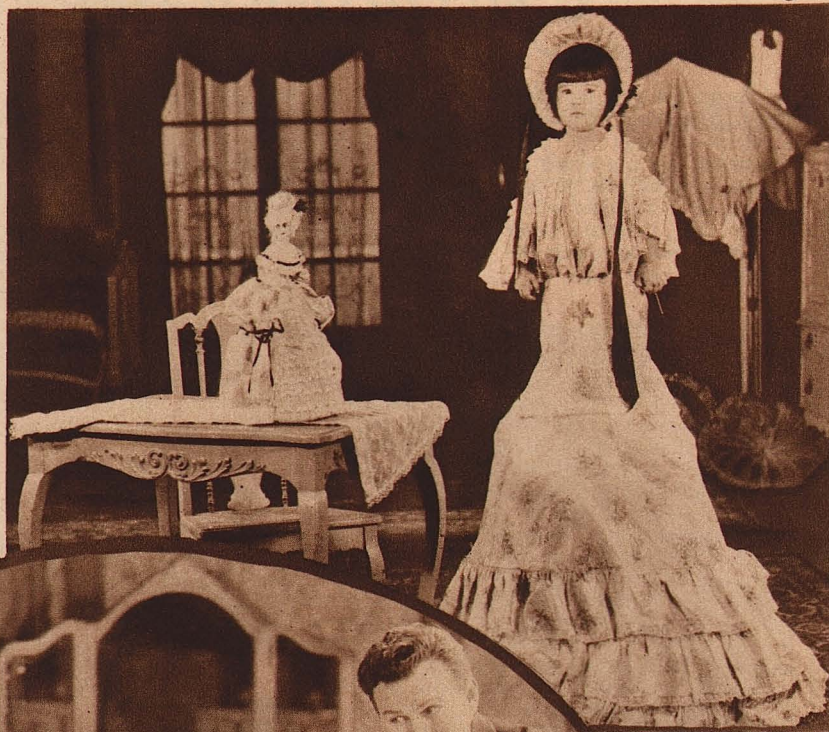
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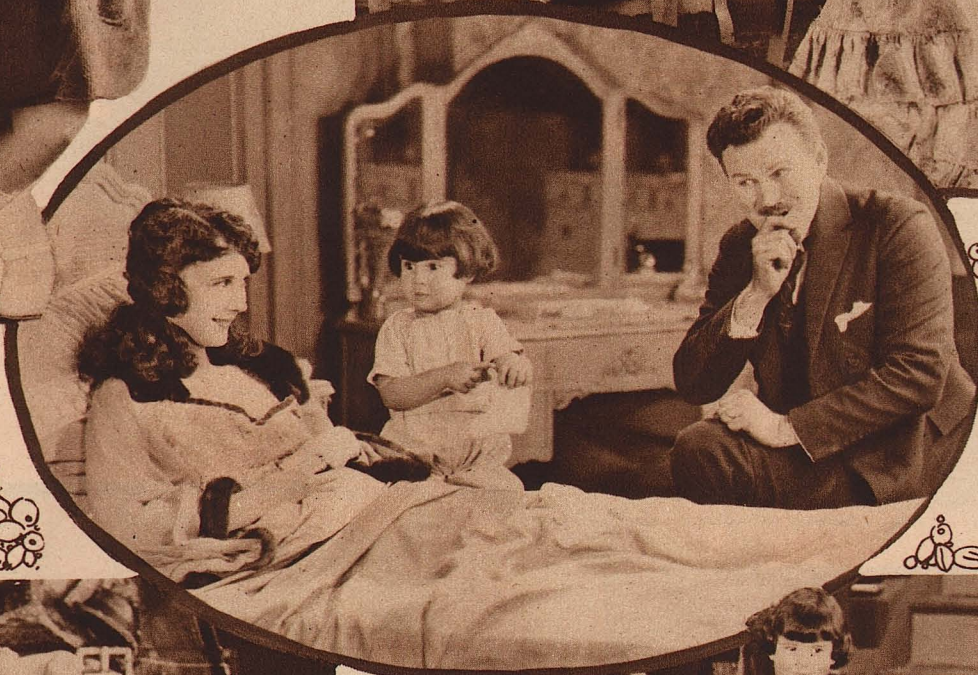
Shooting Baby Peggy for little Miss Mischief

EXCLUSIVE TO
MOVIE WEEKLY

BABY PEGGY, the TWO YEAR OLD STAR WHO HAS JUST BEEN SIGNED TO A NEW LONG TERM CONTRACT by JULIUS STERN to STAR in CENTURY COMEDIES



HER MOTION PICTURE MAMA and DADDY TELL HER, in "LITTLE MISS MISCHIEF," that SHE IS GOING to HAVE A LITTLE BABY BROTHER. WHEREUPON PEGGY LOOKS GRIEVED and PROTESTS IN VAIN that SHE DOESN'T WANT ANY OLD BABY BROTHER.



In "LITTLE MISS MISCHIEF" PEGGY CLIMBS ATOP A CHAIR AND PROCEEDS TO DRESS UP LIKE the COLONIAL LADY STANDING ON the TABLE



SO SHE DECIDED TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME. AN OLD JUNK MAN STEALS HER AND MAKES HER BUY JUNK FOR HIM. PEGGY STUFFS A CAT, PUTS IT ON FENCES AT NIGHT AND MEOWS FIT TO KILL. THEN FOLKS THROW SHOES AND HATS AND EVERY OLD THING AT HER. THESE SHE COLLECTS TO SELL FOR JUNK. SIMPLE?



BUT OF COURSE, PEGGY WOULDN'T BE A JUNK SALESMAN FOR LONG, SO SHE IS SOON FOUND AND RETURNED HOME. WHERE WE FIND HER MAKING A MAN-O-WAR OUT OF AN OTHERWISE STAIT BUTLER AND INSOFAR AS SHE IS CONCERNED, PLANNING TO LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER, IN SPITE OF BABY BROTHERS.

The Dramatic Loves of the Barrymores

PART II—(Concluded)

THERE are two Jack Barrymores. One is the movie star of "Jekyll and Hyde," "The Lotus Eater," and "Sherlock Holmes"; the stage star of "The Jest," "Redemption," and "Richard III." The other is the younger brother of Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, the happy-go-lucky, artistic Bohemian youth.

Perhaps the strangest manifestation of the Barrymore genius has been the flowering of the talent of Jack during the last decade. Jack Barrymore was known to all the world when he was still nothing more than a child. He was keenly regarded as a possible successor to his father in the hearts of the theatre-going public. But as the years passed, as he grew into his late twenties without accomplishment, the world said that Jack's was another case of possible attainment being spoiled by too favorable circumstances.

Moreover, no one ever supposed that Jack Barrymore would become a really great actor. He was thrust into the business of acting merely because he was a Barrymore. He started life as an artist. His weird drawings, suggestive somewhat of the decadent French school, received publicity because they were done by a Barrymore. He was just another of those long-haired Bohemians who, of late, have crowded into Greenwich Village in New York.

Moreover—handsome, gay, irresistible—he lived like any other citizen of Bohemia. He didn't care what happened to him. Unimportant roles in unimportant plays came to him occasionally. He had his steady Uncle John Drew to watch over him; his sterling sister, Ethel, to care for him; he possessed the prestige of being a Barrymore and he lived as he pleased. There are stories of a Barrymore-Drew family council and of a decision to find a play that would suit John and make an actor of him, force him into winning his way on the stage. And it is probable that John Barrymore was actually forced into his heritage.

Jack Barrymore's career on the stage did not actually begin until several years

the beautiful Katherine Harris to captivate and win him.

At the time her engagement was announced, her father was separated from her mother. Mr. Harris was spending that summer, the summer of 1910, in Europe. He was notified of his daughter's engagement by cable, and immediately made it an issue between himself and his wife. He gave out interviews in which he stated that the marriage would never be consummated, that he would hurry to the States himself, to prevent it.

But when he finally did arrive, he admitted to the reporters who had hurried to interrogate him that he was powerless. His daughter was her own mistress. And so he remained idly by while the marriage was consummated and Katherine Harris became Mrs. John Barrymore.

A year later the flood of recrimination between Mr. and Mrs. Harris burst and a divorce suit was begun. The youthful daughter and son-in-law of the contesting parties to the suit naturally favored Mrs. Harris and it was



MRS. ALEX PRATT
the first Mrs. JACK
BARRYMORE

Photo © Underwood & Underwood



ETHEL
BARRYMORE
RUMORED SEPARATED
FROM HER HUSBAND
photographed with her
three children
© CURTIS BELL
STUDIO

LIONEL BARRYMORE,
WHO HAS BEEN
HAPPILY MARRIED FOR
YEARS TO DORIS RANKIN,
PROFESSIONAL AS
WELL AS DOMESTIC
PARTNER



JOHN
BARRYMORE

later. His first stage production had been in a farce, "Glad of It," when he was a youngster, but it was not until he made a hit in "The Fortune Hunter," that his possibilities as a star were foreseen. Meantime, he had been the debonair man about town.

The world was interested in Jack Barrymore. At various times his engagement to numerous women of the stage had been rumored. Among these were Bonnie Maguin, Vivian Blackburn, Lotta Faust and Grace Lane. It remained for

evident that the Barrymore marriage had been the final incident which ended the long marriage of the older couple.

But the Barrymore marriage itself did not endure much longer. Begun under a cloud, it suffered from too much temperament and lack of compatibility. The energetic, high-living Jack Barrymore could not rest contented with a wife who did not share wholly his aspirations and ideas, and the result was another divorce, a quiet one, with no suspicion of scandal attached to it. It was merely an agreement to disagree and to separate.

Meantime the Barrymore star was rising again. The world was again talking of a Barrymore as the greatest actor of them all. Jack Barrymore

entered the movies. His ambition carried him through one production after another. On the stage he was undertaking new and daring things. With his brother, Lionel, he engaged in the famous production of "Peter Ibbetson." He followed this with "Redemption," a Tolstoi play; with "The Jest," an Italian masterpiece, and with "Richard III," creating a tremendous furore with this Shakespearean interpretation. In the movies, his greatest success was an incomparable rendition of the famous "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

At last his health broke down. The strain of playing in pictures during the day and on the stage during the evening was too great. He cancelled all his engagements, gave up his career temporarily and retired to the seclusion of the Muldoon health resort near New York.

It was during this period that he obtained the consent of Mrs. Blanche May Oelrich Thomas to become his wife. Mrs. Thomas had been married once before to the wealthy Leonard M. Thomas. She was a notable poetess, writing under the name of Michael Strange. The marriage seemed entirely suitable. The couple moved in the same elite social and theatrical circle. The new Mrs. Barrymore was an artist, working in a different sphere, but nevertheless artistically sympathetic to her famous husband. A couplet which she wrote at the time of her marriage revealed poignantly the spirit which moved Michael Strange to accept John Barrymore as her husband:

"Ah love, this growing old is very sore
To us who watch the change with youthful souls
And hearts that beat as madly as before
For findings we may seek—though—nevermore."

(Continued on page 31)

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"The Younger Set"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Captain Selwyn, retired, returns from the Philippines to find his divorced wife received everywhere in society, while many of his friends have forgotten him. He finds solace in the love of his sister's children. His sister sings the praises of Eileen, her husband's beautiful ward.

Selwyn gives Eileen's brother a check which Gerald unthinkingly makes over to Selwyn's divorced wife. Selwyn turns pale at hearing this, but with presence of mind turns it to advantage by suggesting to the young man that he would like his advice on financial matters. Gerald promises. Eileen tells Selwyn that his sister is anxious to have her marry, but announces her determination of never becoming a bride. At his sister's request, Selwyn dines with Eileen and Nina's daughter Drina. After dinner Captain Selwyn stays to talk with Eileen. The two discuss the difference in their ages, as affecting their manner toward each other, and Selwyn discovers more than a child in Eileen. Selwyn joins Boots Lansing at the Lenox Club, following later to his rooms. He is visited by Mrs. Ruthven, his former wife. They discover they still care for each other, despite divorce; but agree that there is no hope in the situation.

Winter and its activities fade away. Spring blossoms into being. The Gerard family go to Silverside for a week-end. Eileen and Selwyn drift apart from the rest to go fishing in a babbling trout brook that runs through Gerard's estate. They drift from talk of silvery fish to things personal. They speak of marriage and Selwyn vows Eileen shall not wed without his consent. The girl twists the captain's talk in such a way that Selwyn is forced to propose that she wed him.

GERALD came to Silverside two or three times during the early summer, arriving usually on Friday and remaining until the following Monday morning.

All his youthful admiration and friendship for Selwyn had returned; that was plainly evident—and with it something less of callow self-sufficiency. He did not appear to be as cock-sure of himself and the world as he had been; there was less bumptiousness about him, less aggressive complacency. Somewhere and somehow somebody or something had come into collision with him; but who or what this had been he did not offer to confide in Selwyn; and the older man, dreading to disturb the existing accord between them, forbore to question him or invite, even indirectly, any confidence not offered.

Selwyn had slowly become conscious of this change in Gerald. In the boy's manner toward others there seemed to be hints of that seriousness which maturity or the first pressure of responsibility brings, even to the more thoughtless. Plainly enough some experience, not wholly agreeable, was teaching him the elements of consideration for others; he was less impulsive, more tolerant; yet, at times, Selwyn and Eileen also noticed that he became very restless toward the end of his visits at Silverside; as though something in the city awaited him—some duty, or responsibility not entirely pleasant.

There was, too, something of soberness, amounting, at moments, to discontented listlessness—not solitary brooding; for at such moments he stuck to Selwyn, following him about and remaining rather close to him, as though the elder man's mere presence was a comfort—even a protection.

At such intervals Selwyn longed to invite the boy's confidence, knowing that he had some phase of life to face for which his experience was evidently inadequate. But Gerald gave no sign of invitation; and Selwyn dared not speak lest he undo what time and his forbearance were slowly repairing.

So their relations remained during the early summer; and everybody supposed that Gerald's two weeks' vacation would be spent there at Silverside. Apparently the boy himself thought so, too, for he made some plans ahead, and Austin sent down a very handsome new motor-boat for him.

Then, at the last minute, a telegram arrived, saying that he had sailed for Newport on Neergard's big yacht! And for two weeks no word was received from him at Silverside.

Late in August, however, he wrote a rather colourless letter to Selwyn, saying that he was tired and would be down for the week-end.

He came, thinner than usual, with the city pallor showing through traces of the sea tan. And it appeared that he was really tired; for he seemed inclined to lounge on the veranda, satisfied as long as Selwyn remained in sight. But, when Selwyn moved, he got up and followed.

So subdued, so listless, so gentle in manner and speech had he become that somebody, in his temporary absence, wondered whether the boy were perfectly well—which voiced the general doubt hitherto unexpressed.

But Austin laughed and said that the boy was merely finding himself; and everybody acquiesced, much relieved at the explanation, though to Selwyn the explanation was not at all satisfactory.

There was trouble somewhere, stress of doubt, pressure of apprehension, the gravity of immaturity half realising its own inexperience. And one day in September he wrote Gerald, asking him to bring Edgerton Lawn and come down to Silverside for the purpose of witnessing some experiments with the new smokeless explosive, Chaosite, for the development which Selwyn had been experimenting.

Young Lawn came by the first train; Gerald wired that he would arrive the following morning.

He did arrive, unusually pallid, almost haggard; and Selwyn, who met him at the station and drove him over from Wyossett, ventured at last to give the boy a chance.

But Gerald remained utterly unresponsive—stolidly so—and the other instantly relinquished the hope of any confidence at that time—shifting the conversation at once to the object and reason of Gerald's coming, and gaily expressing his belief that the time was very near at hand when Chaosite would figure heavily in the world's list of commercially valuable explosives.

It was early in August that Selwyn had come to the conclusion that his Chaosite was likely to prove a commercial success. And now, in September, his experiments had advanced so far that he had ventured to invite Austin, Gerald, Lansing, and Edgerton Lawn, of the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company, to witness a few tests at his cottage laboratory on Storm Head; but at the same time he informed them with characteristic modesty that he was not yet prepared to guarantee the explosive.

About noon his guests arrived before the cottage in a solemn file, halted, and did not appear over-anxious to enter the laboratory on Storm Head. Also they carefully cast away their cigars when they did enter, and seated themselves in a nervous circle in the largest room of the cottage. Here their eyes instantly became glued to a great bowl, which was piled high with small rose-tinted cubes of some substance which resembled symmetrical and translucent crystals of pink quartz. That was Chaosite enough to blow the entire cliff into smithereens; and they were aware of it, and they eyed it with respect.

First of all Selwyn laid a cubic crystal on an anvil, and struck it sharply and repeatedly with a hammer. Austin's thin hair rose, and Edgerton Lawn swallowed nothing several times; but nobody went to heaven, and the little cube merely crumbled into a flaky pink powder.

Then Selwyn took three cubes, dropped them into boiling milk, fished them out again, twisted them into a waxy taper, placed it in a candle-stick, and set fire to it. The taper burned with a flaring brilliancy but without odour.

Then Selwyn placed several cubes in a mortar, pounded them to powder with an iron pestle and, measuring out the tiniest pinch—scarcely enough to cover the point of a penknife, placed a few grains in several paper cartridges. Two wads followed the powder, then an ounce and a half of shot, then a wad, and then the crimping.

The guests stepped gratefully outside; Selwyn, using a light fowling-piece, made pattern after pattern for them; and then they all trooped solemnly indoors again; and Selwyn froze Chaosite and boiled it and baked it and melted it and took all sorts of hair-raising liberties with it; and after that he ground it to powder, placed a few generous pinches

in a small hand-grenade, and affixed a primer, the secret composition of which he alone knew. That was the key to the secret—the composition of the primer charge.

"I used to play base-ball in college," he observed smiling—"and I used to be a pretty good shot with a snowball."

They followed him to the cliff's edge, always with great respect for the awful stuff he handled with such apparent carelessness. There was a black sea-soaked rock jutting out above the waves; Selwyn pointed at it, poised himself, and, with the long, overhand, straight throw of a trained ball player, sent the grenade like a bullet at the rock.

There came a blinding flash, a stunning, clean-cut report—but what the others took to be a vast column of black smoke was really a pillar of dust—all that was left of the rock. And this slowly floated, settling like mist over the waves, leaving nothing where the rock had been.

"I think," said Edgerton Lawn, wiping the starting perspiration from his forehead, "that you have made good, Captain Selwyn. Dense or bulk, your Chaosite and impact primer seem to do the business; and I think I may say that the Lawn Nitro-Powder Company is ready to do business, too. Can you come to town tomorrow? It's merely a matter of figures and signatures now, if you say so. It is entirely up to you."

But Selwyn only laughed. He looked at Austin. "I suppose," said Edgerton Lawn good-naturedly, "that you intend to make us sit up and beg; or do you mean to absorb us?"

But Selwyn said: "I want more time on this thing. I want to know what it does to the interior of loaded shells and in fixed ammunition when it is stored for a year. I want to know whether it is necessary to use a solvent after firing it in big guns. As a bursting charge I'm practically satisfied with it; but time is required to know how it acts on steel in storage or on the bores of guns when exploded as a propelling charge. Meanwhile," turning to Lawn, "I'm tremendously obliged to you for coming—and for your offer. You see how it is, don't you? I couldn't risk taking money for a thing which might, at the end, prove dear at any price."

"I cheerfully accept that risk," insisted young Lawn; "I am quite ready to do all the worrying, Captain Selwyn."

But Selwyn merely shook his head, repeating: "You see how it is, don't you?"

"I see that you possess a highly developed conscience," said Edgerton Lawn, laughing; "and when I tell you that we are more than willing to take every chance of failure—"

But Selwyn shook his head: "Not yet," he said; "don't worry; I need the money, and I'll waste no time when a square deal is possible. But I ought to tell you this: that first of all I must offer it to the Government. That is only decent, you see—"

"Who ever heard of the Government's gratitude?" broke in Austin. "Nonsense, Phil; you are wasting time!"

"I've got to do it," said Selwyn; "you must see that, of course."

"But I don't see it," began Lawn—"because you are not in the Government service now—"

"Besides," added Austin, "you were not a West Pointer; you never were under obligations to the Government!"

"Are we not all under obligation?" asked Selwyn so simply that Austin flushed.

"Oh, of course—patriotism and all that—naturally—Confound it, I don't suppose you'd go and offer it to Germany or Japan before our own Government had the usual chance to turn it down and break your heart. But why can't the Government make arrangements with Lawn's Company—if it desires to?"

"A man can't exploit his own Government; you all know that as well as I do," returned Selwyn, smiling. *Pro aris et focis*, you know—*ex necessitate rei*."

"When the inventor goes to the Government," said Austin, with a shrug—"vestigia nulla retrorsum."

(Continued on page 28)

How to Get Into the Movies

by
Mabel Normand

III. IS BEAUTY ESSENTIAL?

YES. Beauty is essential to a girl's success in pictures.

But what is beauty?

You may have it and not know it.

Or you may *think* you have it and be the only one to appreciate it.

There is no use being kind and sweet and coy about the subject of beauty. A girl who has a lovely face certainly has far more chance of entering motion pictures than a girl who has not. But a girl does not have to be a Venus.

In my opinion Venus would never have a look in. Oh, perhaps she might play mother roles.

We used to consider Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliot as the ideals of feminine pulchritude. They were the standards by which we measured ourselves several years ago.

The screen, however, has established a new type—the slight, petite, small-featured girl.

You may not know it, but the camera enlarges frightfully.

A woman of medium size appears large on the screen. A large woman appears *gauche*.

Furthermore, as I have already said, the small woman can play a greater variety of parts, particularly if she has youth.

Yet if we consider the beauties of all time we will find that they all were celebrated for something besides regular features, nice eyes and pearly teeth. Everyone knows that the personal charm and character of Lillian Russell are what give distinction to her beauty. Without these great assets she might never have been considered the queen of the fair.

There are very few screen beauties who are perfect from the artist's standpoint, although a great many have served as artists' models.

But most of them have some distinguishing feature of beauty—and *know how to feature this feature*.

An actress with lovely eyes may make you forget an ugly mouth or nose by calling attention to those eyes through the use of makeup.

There is scarcely a girl who can not be transformed by a coiffure. You must learn the style of hair dress which becomes you most and stick to it.

Study yourself with the idea of discovering your most attractive feature—eyes, hair, nose, mouth, throat, figure. Then do the best you can to play up this gift.

With the present day accessories of the toilet and the scientific knowledge on beauty subjects, a girl should be able to improve herself fifty per cent or more.

No one is tricked by makeup—unless the makeup is so clever that it is scarcely makeup.

Expressions also should be studied. An ugly expression may destroy an otherwise beautiful effect; a beautiful expression may so illumine an ugly face as to make it beautiful.

In studying your expressions and cultivating the right sort, be careful to avoid affectations.

In my opinion affectation nullifies all claim for beauty.

Have you ever seen an affected self-conscious man? Did you think him handsome?

Do you suppose, then, that men—or other women—would consider you beautiful if you had affectations and plainly showed that you thought yourself incomparable?

Beauty may be developed physically, mentally and scientifically.

You may develop clear complexion, lustrous eyes, healthy condition of the hair and symmetry of physique by exercise: walking, golfing, swimming, dancing, riding horseback, playing tennis. My favorite exercise is swimming; next to that, dancing. I believe that both forms of exercise are particularly good for the body. They increase flexibility, develop symmetry and grace, impart



the color, the glow and the alertness that are the high notes of youth.

Above all, **EXERCISE**.

Some people will disagree with me and say that the mental or spiritual state is of more importance in the development of beauty. But, inasmuch as I am talking to girls, I am stressing healthy, physical exercise because I believe it stimulates healthy, clean and good-looking thoughts.

The thing we call disposition—which is simply being agreeable and thoughtful of others—actually plays a tremendous part in your beauty. I am not one of those philosophical old souls who chatter about Good Thoughts in embroidered motto form. I speak of Thought as a Force, and we know it is a force of incalculable power. Mind can do anything—consider the wireless telephones. Only the other night I talked from Los Angeles

to an assemblage of four thousand people almost two thousand miles away. If such miracles are possible, why not others? They are.

The camera penetrates makeup and proves incontrovertibly that Beauty is *not* just skin deep. And the screen has made us keener of eye in observing people. Most of us can determine rather quickly the sort of human being a person is by the play of expression on the face. If we do not like those expressions it doesn't matter much how regular the features may be or how exquisite the coloring; there is no attraction to hold the eye.

If you believe you have certain features which are of photographic value and have decided to go into pictures, be sure to make the most of your appearance when you call upon the casting director. He is the court of first decision—and sometimes last.

Don't try to vamp him. Don't try to *act* at all. All acting must be done before you ever see him. I mean you must have cultivated your appearance and your expression so that you need not think about yourself when you ask for a job.

Above all, don't weigh yourself with makeup. If you have a naturally beautiful complexion leave it alone. You will be notable in comparison to the many painted-and-powdered girls whom the director sees every day. Dress in good taste and in a way that becomes you. No intelligent, observing girl of today needs to be told that simplicity is the secret of smart dress. Care as to detail is important—trim shoes and stockings, a new hat of becoming lines, nails perfectly manicured and hair dressed as exquisitely as fingers can do it. Combine this care of detail with cleanliness and the sparkle of health and most any girl will have attraction if not downright beauty. If, in addition, she has the manners that betoken breeding and the smile that indicates charm and humor—well, the chances are she will be asked her name and telephone number—and will receive a call the next time the casting director wants "extras."

Beauty and personality are complementary. One aids the other. Sometimes we call a girl beautiful, whereas she would be very plain were it not for the charm which she radiates. Again, a beautiful face plus an amiable manner gives a girl the reputation for personality that she might not have if the beauty were absent.

After all, it is individuality rather than prettiness that establishes a person. You recognize Bebe Daniels' mouth because it is different; Gloria's uptilted nose, because it is distinctive; Nazimova's eyes because they are unlike any other pair of eyes.

Because personality is the very life of beauty I consider it more important. Personality cannot be manufactured, but, like beauty, it can be developed to some extent. Next week I'm going to talk about it.

If you have any questions to ask about these articles, write to Miss Normand, care of "Movie Weekly."—EDITOR.

SECRETS of the MOVIES ■ When People Thought It Was a Trick

VI

THE first motion picture show was a failure. The first exhibition of motion pictures where admission was charged was at the Cotton States Exposition held in Atlanta, Ga., in August, 1895. The inventor took his machine to Atlanta with his heart singing high and came away with it in the dumps. The show was set up along the Midway and a barker was put outside to attract an audience. He sang songs and told stories until a crowd gathered around him, when he would branch off to the wonders

inside. There was no such expression as "motion pictures." He had to tell them that if they would pay their quarter they could see pictures on the wall of people moving about—only the people were not there. The crowd laughed and passed on—it wasn't going to be bunked.

Day after day went by; the show was a failure. The inventor was running it on a shoestring—and the string was getting pretty well worn in a couple of places. So he decided to give one day's admission free of charge as leaven to the dough. He did—and the people thought it was another one of those shadowgraph tricks! Lots of them

fellers could make a rabbit wink and flop his ears with nothing but their hands tied up in a handkerchief. No, siree, they wouldn't get no quarter out of them.

Then a fire caught in the Negro Plantation, swept through the cotton and reached out for the picture show. In an hour it was in ruins. The inventor picked out the charred and blackened remains of his machine and went back to Washington—down in the mouth and penniless. He then got back his old job as clerk in one of the government offices and again put on his paper cuffs. The first show had been a sorry failure.

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S *Beauty Pages*

DID you ever pause to consider that your life consists of days, one piled on top of the other? And each day consists of hours, twenty-four of them? Are you among those who work sixteen or more hours a day? Or is it the more congenial union scale of eight hours? But no matter quibbling. The question is: What do you do with the time not actually spent in working?

It is easy to fill these hours with energy. Likewise it is easy to fill them with listlessness or lack of ambition. It is as easy to fill them with beauty and happiness as with ugliness and gloom.

And it is because all of these hours count in the making of your health, in the building of your life and your personality. No girl, especially if she works, can find the necessary time to do any great amount of exercise. Therefore, it behooves her to pay serious attention to various kinds of exercise that, combined in a limited period, will make up to her what she actually needs.

Stand in front of a long mirror—preferably in tights or a gym suit. Keep your eye on the girl you see there. Make her keep her balance as she squats and rises. In the next turn, stand squarely back to back with her, then twist far around first to one side and then to the other until you can look her squarely in the eye.

*Eddie Boland
and Rolin Girls
Pathe*

Sennet Comedies



Then try a side-bending exercise, making her stretch the opposite arm up and over as far as possible, making it a real bend. Alternate from side to side. Standing with your back to the mirror, see if you can bend slowly backward until you can look into the eyes of that girl there. You can do it—if not now, soon, by practice.

Now, standing with your back to the mirror, feet apart, bend far forward until you can look straight back between your legs into the eyes of the girl in the mirror. Next, show the girl in the mirror how to sit upon the floor, grasp firmly the sides of a chair and then first raise the hips as high as possible, then lower the body until you are almost seated on the floor. Repeat this several times.

Can you do the "old-fashioned dip?" The way to do it is to lay flat before the mirror, slowly straighten your arms as your body rises and falls, muscles taut—no knee bending or sagging of the chest. Take a look at this girl in the mirror to see she's doing this exercise right.

I wonder how many of my motion picture friends can go through these exercises. Have you ever tried them?

Grace Darmond



Sennett Comedies



CHARLIE CHAPLIN DENIES HE'S ENGAGED

Hollywood News "Hot from the Griddle" Per Grace Kingsley

Together Again

ONCE more Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels are to be co-starred. It's the first time since they played together in "Sick-a-Bed." Everybody was pleased with them in that picture, and they liked them too in "The Affairs of Anatol," but in the latter Wally had to distribute his devotion so much that no lady got a lion's share.

The new picture in which they are to appear is "Nice People," with Miss Daniels once more back in comedy.

Lloyd Happy To Be Home

Harold Lloyd has come home to Los Angeles from New York. The comedian was greeted by his mother and father and his brother, Gaylord Lloyd. The first question he asked was, "Where's the baby?"



Bebe Daniels

The baby is Gaylord Harold Lloyd, Jr., and was born just before Christmas, to Harold's brother and Harold's brother's wife. That youngster certainly was wise in his choice of a birthday, inasmuch as Lloyd at once made out a big check as a Christmas present and placed it on the tree which he insisted on having for the baby.

The comedian brought with him from New York a brand new shiny contract with Pathe, which provides for the happy combination of more money and less work on Lloyd's part. Than which, of course, nothing could be sweeter so far as he is concerned.

Director vs. Plumber

Helen Ferguson just loves to tell the following story to any director of hers who chances to give evidence of being a bit upstage. It's about the two little Jewish youngsters who played in "Hungry Hearts" with her, and who have become her special proteges.

While apparently no Jewish youngster has a right to the name Billy, still the one in question has it. He was telling Miss Ferguson his desires in life.

"When I grow up, I'm going to be a gentleman," he said, "and I ain't going to swear nor nothin'."

"What else are you going to be?" asked Miss Ferguson.

"I'm going to be a great big director."

"But supposing they won't let you be a director."

"Well, then, I'm going to be a plumber!"

And speaking of Miss Ferguson, whispers are again afloat that William Russell, Fox star, and Miss Ferguson have made up, and that they are going to be married. Certain it is that the young lady drives Bill's car all the time, and in Hollywood that's a certain sign.

Can It Be . . . ?

Dancing around with Constance Talmadge these days is no less a person than Maurice, the dancer. It's a nice little family party, composed of Norma Talmadge, Constance, Mamma Talmadge, always called "Peggy," Maurice and Leonora Hughes, Maurice's partner, which gathers at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove these long winter evenings.

Before Constance was married she used to dance with Maurice a great deal. Then Mr. Pialoglou was lucky enough to win Miss Constance's heart, and they were married. But now Miss Talmadge has stated that she meant to get a divorce, and so, being separated from her husband, it's not to be wondered at if she whiles away some otherwise tiresome hours by dancing. And with whom more naturally should she dance than with her old friend Maurice?

Alimony—Thy Name Is Rodolph

So, after all, Rodolph Valentino is going to have to pay alimony to his former wife, Jean Acker, from whom he was recently divorced. The amount is the modest sum of \$175 a month, on which Miss Acker admits that she can live.

Miss Acker has recently been very ill, and the physicians attending her say that she will not be able to return to the screen for six months or a year. So the judge who granted the divorce decided that she should have money from Valentino to support her until she was able to go to work.



Thomas Meighan likes the dog, but apparently Will Rogers does not.

She is quite destitute, and being still in a weak condition, she would find it hard sledding were her former husband not to provide for her.

Charlie Ray in Limelight

JUST as we had decided that Charlie Ray was going to stick to First National for the rest of his life, here he ups and signs up with United Artists!

His contract is a long term one, and under its provisions he will be given every opportunity to do just the things in pictures that he has long desired to do. So we'll all be watching him.

Westward Ho!

At last Alice Brady has been wheedled into coming to the Pacific Coast. She has always stuck to her little old New York, but now Jesse Lasky has succeeded in persuading her to come West. She is to appear in a number of Paramount features this winter at the Lasky studios in Hollywood.

Elsie Ferguson, too, is scheduled to come West within a few weeks. The names of her pictures aren't yet announced. Miss Ferguson has a perfectly good banker husband back in New York, and so she isn't particularly anxious to leave home, but when art calls, all must needs answer.

A Denial From Charlie

Poor old Charlie Chaplin! He's kept so awfully busy these days—denying rumors of his intended marriage. Now it's Mrs. Clara Sheridan, sculptress, who made his statue out in California, to whom he is reported engaged. But he strenuously denies the implication.

"Naturally we are friends," says Charlie, "but I'm sure neither of us thought of marriage. Mrs. Sheridan is a very wonderful woman, however, and I'm sure any man might be proud of her."

Will Bebe . . . ?

JACK DEMPSEY has just bought himself a comfortable, big, handsome home in Los Angeles. Just whether he intends to wed or not isn't known. Rumor connected his name with that of Bebe Daniels, but Miss Daniels denies the report and so does Jack. Also Bebe's mamma.

"Why," said mamma indignantly, "of course Jack and Bebe are good friends. Jack is just a great, big, nice boy. But Bebe isn't thinking of marrying him. Bebe isn't going to marry anybody for some time, I hope."

There's another little bird flitting around whispering that if Chet Franklin has his way that Bebe will become Mrs. Franklin.

Chet has been directing Bebe in her Realart pictures, and she is very much pleased at his work. She denies she is going to marry him, though admitting they are very congenial friends. She goes about with him to dances and theatres and he calls on her at her home.

"Snub" Pollard Says:

On Friday, January 13th, Harry Pollard signed a long term contract with Hal Roach for the production of comedies.

"Aren't you superstitious?" demanded somebody of Harry.

"Only about one number and one thing," answered Harry.

"What's that?"

"Three square meals a day."

Who Can She Be?

The explanation has just been forthcoming of why Thomas Meighan and a certain well-known Lasky star aren't speaking these days.

It happened this way. Mr. Meighan always has a violin and organ playing on his set in dramatic scenes. The star, who has only a phonograph, sent word asking Mr. Meighan if he would loan her his music, as she wished to cry during the making of a certain scene, and couldn't do it to a phonograph. It seemed so commercial, a phonograph, she explained. "And I just must cry," she said, "so send me a piece that'll bring tears."

Meighan sent his orchestra. But also he sent something else. It was wrapped in a piece of paper, and as Meighan explains, "was something that was guaranteed to bring tears."

It certainly would. The "piece" was a piece of onion!



Connie, who is said to be dancing around with . . .

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

May McAvoy "Terribly" Superstitious

Vera Gordon Knows 'Em All

VERA GORDON, that provocator of mirth and good cheer, seems to know everybody in the Cosmopolitan Studio, from the door-man to the director-general. We happened to lope out to the studio while she was making "The Good Provider," a Frank Borzage production, with Dore Davidson, Miriam Battista, and others.

Mrs. Gordon was "sitting in" in a scene. By "sitting in," we mean that a closeup was being taken of the "light lead," young Buster Collier. In order to have Buster right in the spirit of the action, Director Borzage had Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Davidson sitting outside the camera range carrying on regular conversation with the irritated young man.



A new snap that just came from Alice Calhoun

Mrs. Gordon's sense of humor got the best of her. She went right ahead talking, but she turned to wink at us and carry on a regular pantomime comedy sketch for our benefit. After it was "fini," a prop man happened to pass. Mrs. Gordon stopped him.

"Why, Ben!" she exclaimed, a smile of real pleasure over-spreading her face. "How are you? I haven't seen you since you had 'Klieg eyes' when we were making 'Humoresque'."

And Ben, whose eyes were now in tip top condition, grinned his pleasure and answered in detail before walking along with the smile that wouldn't come off shining through the grime of his dusky face.

May McAvoy On Way Home

Little May McAvoy, who first started the motion picture fans to buzz their enthusiasm by her superb interpretation of Grizel in John S. Robertson's production of Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," came on to New York with her mother for a flying trip. While here, we succeeded in cornering her for a scant thirty minutes in the lobby of the Hotel Algonquin.

Miss McAvoy should really be nicknamed "Petite." She's so adorably slim and—well, petite—that we hereby editorially baptize her with the name.

"Do you know," she said, "that I've made seven pictures in ten months and a half? Yes, I became a Realart star last February and went immediately to the Coast. In March I started work on my first picture and there was no rest 'till the day before New Year's."

"We believe," cautiously, "that the job of Editor is a mere piffle next to that of star."

"Petite" looked her indecision. She has a way of looking that is peculiarly and attractively her own. Those big, blue eyes sustain your gaze with grave calmness, shying from probing too deeply, but inviting the thought that prompted the words.

A Superstitious Star

Miss McAvoy admits to being superstitious. This, confessed with a serious candor that charmed. "If I spill salt," she shuddered daintily, "it means a fight, sure, unless I throw a speck over my left shoulder."

"And I'm scared to death of black cats and walking under ladders and breaking mirrors and Friday the thirteenth and so many other things, I can't think of them all at once."

"It's quite proper for the Irish to be superstitious," she defended herself with a rebellious colleen toss of her head and a snap to the large, lumid, blue eyes.

In the Future

Miss McAvoy says that she is going to play in Famous Players' special productions until April, when she will become a full-fledged Paramount star. This means no more "five-reel simplicity" pictures, but pictures that will give her the scope to demonstrate the depth of the ability that is hers—another Grizel role, in other words.

No Engagement Announcement

And by the way, we asked May if there was any truth to these widespread and persistent



May McAvoy—as she looked when denying her engagement!

rumors that she is to marry soon. Her eyes dilated to the dimension of enormous saucers at this.

"Certainly not. I know all about those rumors. Why, do you know that I can't go out with any man without having some paper publish a little note saying: 'A little bird whispers that May McAvoy and ...'"

"And the next morning," she stated, folding her hands firmly, "I spend in 'phoning the various papers and emphatically denying the rumor."

"You can tell the fans for me that I don't intend marrying for many years. I have my career."

Which is the latest and most bonafide news concerning the matrimonial intentions of that youthful screen satellite—May McAvoy.

Bill Farnum Genial Host

A dinner was given recently by the Fox organization in honor of Bill Farnum and his latest production, "A Stage Romance." Quite a few

folks from newspapers and magazines were present, but "Big Bill" sat—not at the head of the table—but on one side near the head, and chatted genially and jovially with those about him.

He's terribly interested in fighting—is Bill Farnum. He was telling us that when he was in France at the time the Dempsey-Carpentier bout was taking place in this country, the Frenchmen were absolutely wild with enthusiasm, and betting every darn cent they had on their beloved idol—Carpentier.

The proprietor of the hotel where Bill and his wife were stopping came gesticulating and vol-planing around in Bill's direction and wildly offered to bet his hotel that Carpentier would win.

"You take a tip," Bill wised him, "and don't bet your money on Carpentier. He won't last five rounds."

The Frenchman calmed down at his leisure and bethought himself of the terrific amount of money he had out. Whereupon he drew in three of his biggest bets!

Bill and Dusty Great Fishers

BILL and his brother, "Dusty" Farnum, who have always been the greatest of pals, both in their work and their sports, have been on some momentous fishing cruises together. Bill was telling about the time he suffered from a stricture in the vicinity of his lungs. The doctors prescribed absolute rest for him. Whereupon he and "Dusty" went out to fish near Catalina.

Bill had a line with him, but he didn't throw it out. "Dusty" and the boatmen had their lines out.

"Say, Bill," called Dusty, "put your line out fifty or sixty feet and then one of us will be sure to catch anything that's biting."

Bill readily agreed. And within ten minutes, his line was the first to jerk convulsively. He grabbed it. And the fight with the fish began. He fought that fish from ten-thirty in the morning until six-thirty in the afternoon—eight hours of hard tusseling. And Bill wouldn't let Dusty or the boatman help him.

"It wouldn't be according to law," he gasped, fighting the eight hundred or thousand pounder struggling at the end of his line.

"And the worst of it was," chortled Bill indulgently, "I didn't land him. I did better than that, though. The fight with the fish snapped the stricture in my shoulder and did more for me than weeks of rest would have."

About Dusty

According to Bill and a young chap named O'Connell, "Dusty" never works if there is good fishing or good hunting. Dusty has a lovely home; he has enough "wherewithal" to keep him comfortable for the remainder of his life, and he isn't a wild enthusiast for work except when there's nothing else stirring! This explains why Dusty is seen so rarely on the screen. He's tied to a contract with Fox, but it doesn't keep him prisoner—when the fishing and hunting are good!



Mary Hay, in private life Mrs. Dick Barthelmess

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES



RODOLPH VALENTINO

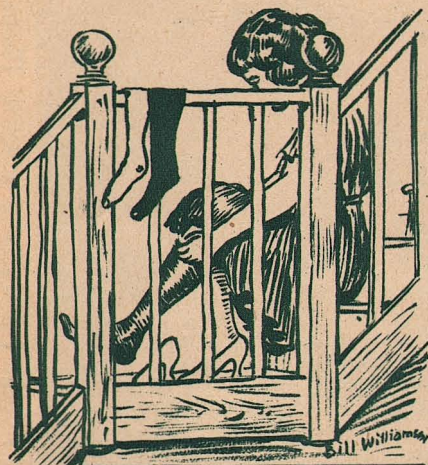
Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes



KOMICKAPERS



How Come? FILM FAULTS CARTOONED



Blanche Reilly, of St. Louis notes that in "Her Social Value," Katherine McDonald is seen wearing gray stockings before starting up the stairway. When she gets to the top she has on a black pair. Apparently she changed the stockings on the way up!

PESTS YOU'VE MET AT THE MOVIES



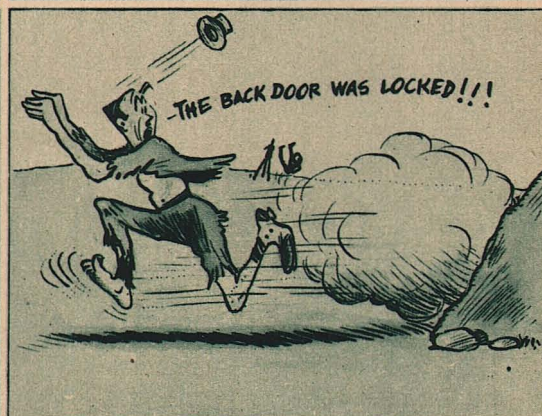
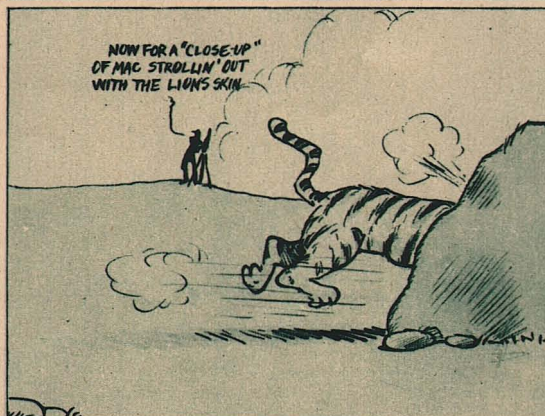
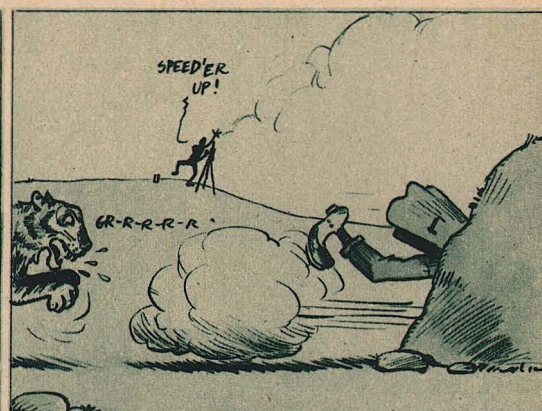
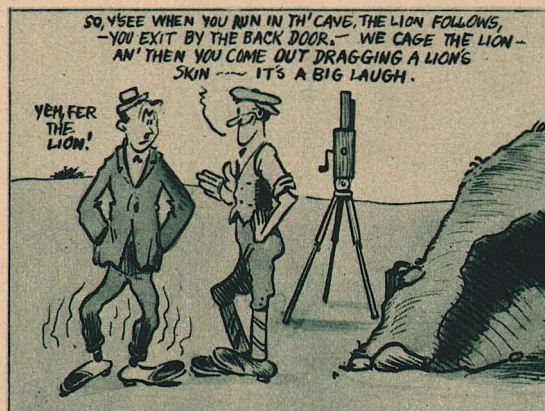
THE STIFF WHO TAKES ONLY A COUPLE OF HOURS TO FIND HIS TWO-BITS — OYEZ — YOU'VE MET HIM — OYEZ!!

SEND IN YOUR FAVORITE "MOVIE PEST" TO "MOVIE-PESTS" 96 MOVIE WEEKLY - 119 W. 40 ST.

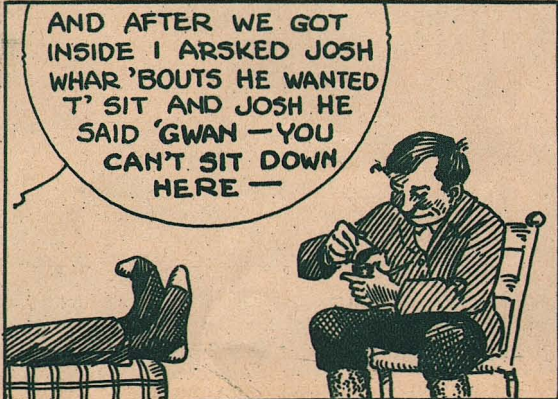
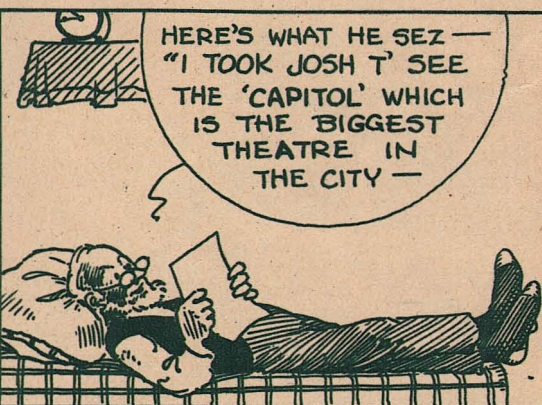
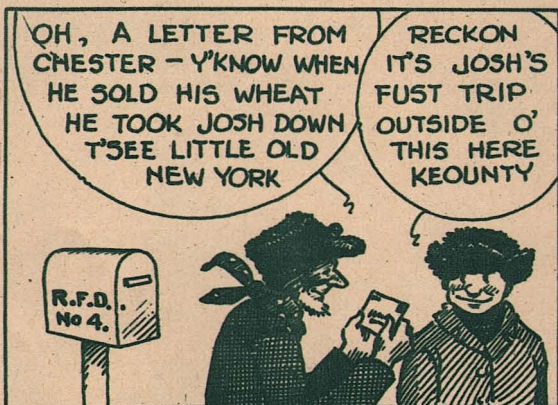
FOOLISH QUESTIONS Answers

B. Sharp, Hackensack Flats.
Q. Is Valentino a musician of note?
A. Yes, at the early age of two he was seen playing on the floor.
Uptodate Antirbehind, New Zealand.
Foolish Q. Who is the most popular movie actor today?
Foolish A. That is hard to say as your letter is not dated.
Tony, the barber, Seventh Ave. N.Y.C.
F.Q. Any chance for me in the movies?
F.A. Yes, they are looking for close shaves.

MISHAPS OF A MOVIE COMEDIAN BY - Politzer



Josh Beck - By Heck





Our Fan Page



EDITOR'S NOTE: In the "Movie Weekly" of January 28th, we ran a letter—rather stern and upbraiding, to say the least, from an individual signing himself, "One Who Knows Pictures." We asked our readers, in a postscript to this communication, to write and tell us their unbiased opinion of the letter.

The following excerpts from letters received from our readers are characteristic of the hundreds that came in to us.

Ernest R. Wild, of Los Angeles, Cal., says: "I do not think that your bright little paper is correctly named as 'namby-pamby,' as I consider you have one of the best publications dealing with the Film World. However, I heartily agree with 'One Who Knows Pictures' when he says: 'Give us some of the stories of the uphill grind in bucking the movies.' By all means let us have something different from the awful sickly gush served up by most of the picture magazines. Oh, those interviews with stars! Thank heaven, you do not go in for that stuff much. . . . I say to you, Mr. Editor, if you will sound this warning note, you will undoubtedly be the means of saving countless thousands of innocent girls from at least a life of hardship, not to speak of anything worse."

In Protest

Miss Annie A. Smith, of Portland, Maine, is not so sanguine about the effect to be gained by words of warning: "By all means give us the truth on the condition of the industry; not only on the unmoral side that surrounds the screen struck girl, but on many other conditions that interest the fan. Suppose 'Movie Weekly' published something every week about the fallen movie aspirant, would it make any difference? I think not! The daily papers are full of these tales, but the aspirants go right on their way."

"Reformers—Bah!"

Mrs. M. Lorenza Stevens, Venice, Cal., as a near neighbor of the world-famous hotbed of the cinema, has an interesting slant: "And now that old tirade about Hollywood," says Mrs. Stevens, "soul-selling and girls being led astray and all that tommyrot. Fiddlesticks! . . . reformers, bah! They would better reform their own evil minds, clean out the rot within, and then they won't see so much badness in other people, because after all, they are only seeing the reflection of their own thoughts. . . . There are Charlie Ray and Conrad Nagel, both devoted to their wives and their art. There's King Baggot, a man of sterling character, who is indeed all that his name implies. There's Bill Hart, who is just the noble man we'd expect him to be. And so I could go on, naming our friends of the silent drama who are indeed all that we could ask any man or woman to be. . . ."

"It was last June when I first made the acquaintance of 'Movie Weekly' and I haven't missed a copy since. I'm for 'Movie Weekly' first, last and all the time. I do not find it dull, flat, void of sense nor intelligence, lifeless or wavering, and I've never thought the editor was crazy. . . . If I was a man I'd take off my hat to you, Mr. Editor, but as I am a lady, I extend my hand to you across this page in hearty congratulations."

Did You Ever See It This Way?

Robert Phipps, Bristol, Tennessee, says: "It is absolutely nothing to the public what means the stars take to get their names in electric lights and I am sure most of the fans in the country will agree with me. If they are true fans they will not want to hear of their favorites going to

such wild parties and so on. If such things are printed about them, what will happen? They will all lose out with the public, their careers will be gone. Then where will we go for entertainment?"

A Staunch Friend

Walter I. Moses, Dixon, Illinois, Editor of the Ruth Roland Club, says: "'Movie Weekly' is the fairest motion picture magazine I have ever read. The Editor is a person of all fairness, and this, alone, should be sufficient proof that the readers of her publication get a square deal. . . . The motion picture industry is giving the world the best that is in it. Just because some small seed was sown in the motion picture world that gave root to a weed—is no reason why the entire industry should be classed OUT of the flower garden, is it? . . ."

"Evidently, 'One Who Knows Pictures,' you do not believe in all that you say, or you would not fight against yourself by reading 'Movie Weekly.' I think, down in your heart, you know as well as I that motion pictures are a betterment for this old world of ours. . . ."

A Scoffer

Yet a communication comes from a cameraman for the Cinematographers and Motion Picture Craftsmen, Canada, in W. Toronto (Ont.) headquarters: "I have just read the letter of 'One Who Knows Pictures' and I'm for that letter strong. I have often wondered how long the motion picture magazines could feed the dear public the bunk before they got wise. Don't sit on the lid. Take off the cover and give the picture fans the truth. After ten years behind the camera I could supply some very plain facts and so could others. Why not get busy, Mr. Editor? Yours for a clean-up."

A Plea for Mildness

Jack W. Carney, Boise, Idaho, writes us a first-rate letter on this subject: "'One Who Knows Pictures' does, I think, know them to a certain extent. But I'll say this much on behalf of 'Movie Weekly' and the general public—that I know something of them myself, having been connected with a Northwest Theatre Company for quite a lengthy period. I am a little afraid he has been too sarcastic and discouraging to would-be movie star, although what they need is what he asked for. A little more understanding. Straight from the shoulder stuff. In brief, the truth. . . ."

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the January 21st issue of "Movie Weekly," we ran pictures from Vitagraph's and Paramount's productions of "The Little Minister," and asked our readers to compare the two and tell us what they thought of them. The consensus of opinion of our readers is that Alice Calhoun was more fitly cast for Babbie than was Betty Compson. The following are representative of the many letters we received.

A Prophecy

Harold Le Roy, 86 East Eleventh Street, Newport, Kentucky, is all for Miss Calhoun: "She is real," he says, "and her acting stands out like the work of a famous artist. The Vitagraph version is a wonderful translation to the screen of Barrie's Scotch story. The Paramount version is a charming tale, but. . . . Betty Compson is not suited to her role as is Alice Calhoun. I think that Sir James Barrie had the very picture of a girl like Alice Calhoun in mind when he wrote the tale of her love for the 'Little Minister.' In a year or so, Alice Calhoun will be the showman's best bet and the idol of the motion picture fan."

Now a Favorite

Miss E. Mary Raymond, Brooklyn, N. Y., thinks Vitagraph's version of the Barrie play the best. "One sees," she says, "that Alice Calhoun possesses wonderful beauty and intelligence, and from now on she is my big favorite. Mr. Morrison was very fine as Gavin, the 'Little Minister.'"

Alice Is Beautiful

Miss Cora M. Frink, Batavia, N. Y., writes: "Betty Compson is just pretty. I think 'chic' expresses everything in her case, while Alice Calhoun is beautiful. She has all the exuberance and charm of youth and added to that a dignity and grace of manner which I think will carry her far in her profession."

To the Point

Dick Durand, Kankakee, Illinois, says: "I am neither a Frederick James Smith, nor a Herbert Howe, but perhaps my criticism will interest the readers of 'Movie Weekly.' Miss Calhoun was ideally cast, while Miss Compson was miscast. Miss Compson is a thoroughly 1922 girl, hence she should not play roles such as Lady Babbie. I do not by any means wish to give the impression that I think Miss Compson is not a good actress. She is. Her portrayal in 'The Miracle Man' proves that. . . . In 'The Little Minister' her poses seemed studied. Miss Calhoun, as a gypsy, acts the part; as a lady, she looks and acts every bit of it. She is natural, talented, youthful, and always a lady."

Just Thankful

Miss Edna Barry, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "It is one of the best Vitagraph pictures ever made, and, thank heaven, they are giving Alice Calhoun the stories she is so deserving of, for, mind you, she has beauty and brains, and is natural at all times. James Morrison was splendid as 'The Little Minister.'"

From "The Girls"

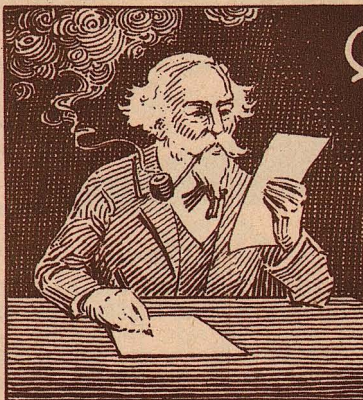
Some high school girls in Schenectady, N. Y., have written us a nice composite letter. Pearl B. says: "I admire Alice Calhoun very much. She attracts and holds the attention by her personal charm and individuality." "I think Alice Calhoun is prettiness, charm and a good actress personified," says B. S. "I just like her ways, that's all. She's great," is a tribute from M. S.

Four Times!

Miss Helen W. Browne, Brooklyn, is another Calhoun admirer to pay a discerning tribute to the Vitagraph star. "I loved Vitagraph's 'Little Minister' for its simplicity and loveliness. The star, Miss Calhoun, is a delightfully clever actress and her Lady Babbie a work of art. One would think the part especially written for her. She is wonderfully beautiful and most natural, and brings much refinement to the screen. James Morrison was an ideal 'Little Minister.' He was so sincere I could never fancy anyone else as Gavin. I have seen Vitagraph's production four times and could see it as many more."

More Praise

Charles Tuck, Salisbury, North Carolina, considers the Vitagraph version more carefully produced and intelligently cast. "Miss Calhoun deserves a lot of credit for her acting in the role," says Mr. Tuck who predicts sensational success for the new beautiful lady of the screen; while Miss Alice Taylor, of Brooklyn, rises to elucidate: "Since seeing 'The Little Minister,' I would walk a mile to see Miss Calhoun. She is real—and oh! how unreal some of the others are! They ought to take lessons from Alice Calhoun on how to be natural on the screen."



Questions Answered by The Colonel

I have joined the staff of "Movie Weekly" just to answer questions. Wouldn't you like me to tell you whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? All right, then, write me on any subject pertaining to the movies. For an immediate personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City.



It has come to my knowledge that some of the fans who want pictures of their favorites write to the studios for them, and I was asked to tell you not to do so. If I say that Gloria Swanson's address is Lasky Studio, Hollywood, it doesn't mean that you should write to Paramount for her picture. If you do, you won't get it. The idea is to write to the stars themselves for their photos. And, of course, don't forget the quarters. Mary Pickford gives all the money that she receives in this way to charity, but all the stars can't afford to do that.

PEGGY (ONE OF MY MANY ADMIRERS)—Oh, Peggy, those joyful words! How I do like to have admirers. Really, I'm as proud and pleased to have admirers as any movie actor could be. Rodolph's picture will be found by turning to the center of the magazine, several pages west. Agnes Ayres' picture was published last August 27th. You haven't been a "Constant Reader," have you, Peggy?

MISS MAY BIRD—A May Bird in March. How charming! Your question about Rodolph's picture is answered in the paragraph just above this. Yes, Johnny Walker played in "Over the Hill." I'm sorry, but I don't know his personal address. Write him at the Fox Hollywood studio. He has just completed "Extra! Extra!" with Edna Murphy. I suppose you think that "extra" means extra good. Kenneth Harlan's address is United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. And Betty Compson doesn't give her personal address either.

VIRO RALENTINO—Why do you wonder what I look like when my picture is there before you so that all who run may see it—or see it and run, as they prefer? Thanks for the information you gave me. Now I will give you some. Gloria is twenty-seven; Agnes is twenty-three; Harrison Ford, thirty-seven; Bert Lytell, thirty-one, and Alice Terry, twenty-five.

YEUX BLEUS—For those of my readers who don't know French, that means Blue Eyes. You suggest dropping into my "studio." This office was never so flattered before! Yes, Mickey Moore is a cute youngster; he lives at 1739 Vine St., Hollywood. Lois Wilson doesn't give her home address. Pola Negri isn't married just now, I believe, though she has been. Watch for her in "The Last Payment." I'll promise not to tell the wife what a nice letter you wrote me, Yeux Bleu, if you'll come again. Anyway, she isn't jealous.

C. F.—The man who gave Wanda Hawley all the jewels in "The Affairs of Anatol" was Theodore Roberts.

DELORES M.—Ah, ha, Spanish! Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn. She has light hair and brown eyes. Katherine MacDonald is a blonde with blue eyes; she is five feet eight and weighs 130. Sorry, I have no description of Carter De Haven. Wallace Reid played with D. W. Griffith early in his career; he was in "The Birth of a Nation."

BILLY—I haven't the home addresses of either Anita Stewart or Kenneth Harlan. The latter can be reached at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. He is twenty-six. Anita's address is Louis B. Mayer Prod., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. Write to them for their photos.

AMBROISE—The information you wish about Viola Dana is all given in Bill Hodge's answer on this page. Viola would doubtless send you her photograph. A person with no stage or screen experience has some slight chance of getting into the movies—say about one chance in ten thousand.

RUDIE—So the other Answer Man told you Olga Petrova was born in Liverpool! Well, I agree with you; she was born in Warsaw, though she did grow up in England. Yes, Rudie, come again, but it's against the rules for me to give your address to other fans who might want to correspond with you, or vice versa. You see, matrimonial agencies are businesses in themselves and "Movie Weekly" would have to buy a whole skyscraper if we tried to go into that business on the side.

BILL O. HODGES—What a nice polite letter, Bill. Shake! Viola Dana's real name is Viola Flugrath. Yes, she is Shirley Mason's sister. She is the widow of John Collins. Her address is 7070 Franklin Ave., Los Angeles. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde and lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood. No trouble at all!

A MOVIE FAN—But all my correspondents are that. Elaine Hammerstein is still single. She was born in Philadelphia twenty-four years ago. By "Noah Perry" do you mean Noah Beery? That's the only Noah I know a thing about except the one who built an ark. He is six feet one and weighs two hundred and sixteen. Terribly emaciated, isn't he? Mahlon Hamilton is six feet and weighs 185.

CONNIE—Since your two favorites are "Rudie" and Bebe, you might be interested in knowing that she is to play opposite him in his first starring picture, "Blood and Sand." May McAvoy is also to be in the picture. Bebe is twenty and unmarried. I suppose you know that stars send their pictures to fans for a quarter apiece.

LENA LACOMBE—Sorry, Lena, but I couldn't publish your answer any sooner, as there were too many others ahead of you. Douglas Fairbanks has never, to my knowledge, played in a picture called "The Western Adventure."

KANDY KID—Are you keeping a Birthday Book, that you want to know all those ages? Ruth Roland is twenty-nine. She is five feet four inches tall. Eileen Percy is Mrs. Ulrich Busch. She is five feet tall; she does not give her age. Edith Johnson is twenty-eight and William Duncan is in his early thirties.

J. MAYO—I suppose you know by now that Rodolph was born in Castellana, Italy, in 1895. Yes, the Triangle Film Corp. did have Eastern studios in Yonkers, now the Whitman Bennett Studios. I do not know if the little building you saw was part of them or not. Violet Mersereau keeps her age a dark secret. You're quite right about Gale Henry; I haven't heard of her in some time.

JUST PEGGY—Why, Peggy, the idea of your thinking that I would consider you a "big bother." It is a pleasure to answer your questions. Elaine Hammerstein is twenty-four and five feet three inches tall. Write her through the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York. May McAvoy is twenty; she is four feet eleven. I believe that is her right name. Kenneth Harlan has dark hair and black eyes and is six feet tall. He is twenty-seven years old. Write him at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

MARGIE—Was it you who were responsible for the popular song of that title several years ago? I certainly got tired of hearing it. Pearl White is thirty-two. Her hair is blonde, rather than red.

EMMA LA—These contests that other publications run! And then you all write to me for the answers. Yes, Conway Tearle was born in New York. No, I think you have the wrong guess for the man who played on the stage with Marie Doro. I don't think that could have been Conrad Nagle.

FENSTON—Your wants are simple. Neal Burns' address is 6424 Dix St., Hollywood. Sorry I couldn't publish your answer in the next issue, but I take the letters as they come and there is always a waiting list.

J. T. B.—I can't quite be sure of that middle initial; is that right? Carol Dempster has not appeared in a movie since "Dream Street." I'm sorry, but I do not know her height and weight.

ESTHER CHUNG—Another contestant! I can always tell them by the way they ask their questions. You don't say "How tall is George?" but "Is George five feet ten?" No, George Walsh is not. He is five feet eleven. He weighs 180. Yes, he has dark hair and eyes. May Allison, Louise Huff, Fritz Brunette, and Marguerite Snow were all born in Georgia. Olive Thomas was born in Pennsylvania. Olive Tell, though born in New York, was educated in France.

JANIE—Neither of Harold Lloyd's hands is deformed.

CRIS-CROSS—You might get a picture of Harry Myers in "A Connecticut Yankee—" from him at Universal Studio, Universal City; or if he hasn't one, perhaps the Fox Film Corporation in Hollywood would send you one. Harry is working for Universal now, making a serial of "Robinson Crusoe."

DOLLY D.—Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland. James Kirkwood was on the stage for eighteen years before joining the movies. He has played with practically every company that makes pictures. Yes, Lionel Barrymore played with John Drew and later played in Biograph pictures.

BARBARA—Thanks for the praise for the magazine. I showed your letter to the Editor, the Art Editor and everybody, including the man who sweeps the floor. I have no personal address for Katherine Spencer; write her in care of Robertson-Cole, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Donald MacDonald was the villain in "Her Face Value," but Wanda Hawley was the star, not Katherine MacDonald. Since you mention Gladys Brockwell, I wonder what has become of her; I haven't heard of her in a long time.

AL A ARLY—More pink writing paper! My office is full of it. Al Jennings is making his own pictures now, released through the Capital Company. Francis Ford has been a director for some years at the Ford Studio. Joe Ryan is still with Vitagraph. "Shorty" Hamilton is being featured in his own comedies. You're certainly faithful to your old favorites, aren't you? Yes, Larry Semon and Lucille Carlyle are really engaged.

MRS. E. I. RODGERS—Robert Agnew was Norma Talmadge's leading man in "The Passion Flower." He was the lover in the picture, and Harrison Ford was the poet.

DOT—Positively no, Dot, Norma has no children. "Smilin' Through" was not yet playing in New York when this went to press. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine.

W I L L I A M = F I L M = F I L A M

A Reel Crowd

WHEN a real reel mob is needed for a motion picture in Hollywood, it is quite expensive. Count up yourself—extras at five, or even seven-fifty, apiece; and it takes some extras to make an honest-to-goodness mob. But Director John S. Robertson has a solution for that now. Why, over in Spain, he can get everybody in town to come out and act for nothing.

Work on "Spanish Jade," a new Paramount picture, had been held up so by rain that Director Robertson was forced to make some scenes on Sunday. The mayor of the little Spanish town, Carmona, where the scenes were to be "shot," assured him that the citizens would furnish plenty of atmosphere; but Mr. Robertson, wanting to play safe, brought two hundred extras from Seville.

But when he arrived in Carmona, he wished he had left those two hundred extras where they belonged; they took up too much room. For the whole market place was swarming with every man, woman and child living in Carmona, and all their visiting relatives—about twenty-five thousand in all.

"And," said Cameraman Roy Overbaugh, in desperation, "I think I'll have to climb a tree to take these shots. There isn't room here to set up my camera."

Fat Man—Fat Pocketbook

Walter Hiers has a question he wants answered. When pretty girls go into a restaurant, where do they go from there?

"For never in my life," says Walter, "have I seen a girl coming out of a restaurant. They go only one way, and that's in. And what's more, they always arrive just as I'm sitting down—and then what can a poor man do?"

Evidently Walt's friends have forgotten that "free lunches" are no longer in vogue.

Hungry All Over

E. Mason Hopper, the Goldwyn director, could get a job as chef any time. He has had lots of practice. When he was directing "Hungry Hearts," he had to cook so many canvas-back ducks for Bryant Washburn that he began to wonder whether he was Bryant's director or his cook.

Evidently it wasn't only the hearts that were hungry.

If At First You Don't Succeed—

Richard Dix has lots of determination—and an ambition. The ambition is to raise a mustache, and the determination is necessary to do so. For just as fast as Richard gets a good little start, he is cast for another picture in which the mustache is barred. He has just shaved it off for the ninth time. But Richard is so determined, he'll probably grow one yet.

For the Freak Museum

When Ralph Block, associate scenario editor for Goldwyn, starts a museum of his own (though there is no immediate chance of his doing this), he has his first rare specimen all ready for it—a man who never wrote a scenario. If there is another such man in the world he might make himself known to Ralph—but he'll have to have proof.

Competition for Wall Street

Down in Wall Street, some of these rich brokers who are popularly supposed to be all-powerful, couldn't understand why so many of their stenographers came in late every day for a week. Even the all-powerful capitalists had no influence over them. And no wonder—for look at the competition they had!

The fact was that Richard Barthelmess and his company were making a picture up in Westchester County (in case you don't know, that is where many New York commuters live). And all the girls thought the most important thing in their lives was to watch their favorite make pictures. As for their jobs—well, what were jobs in comparison to seeing Dick?



Jacqueline Logan has captured somebody's heart

So Inspiration Pictures Company has been receiving letters of late from New York business men, urging that the next time they make pictures, they go outside the thirty mile limit—or whatever the commuting limit is. Otherwise they'll be responsible for adding to the unemployment situation.

A "Follies" Beauty

Imagine Will Rogers in tights! But if you have seen "Doubling for Romeo," you don't have to imagine him so; you have seen him. And what's more, they were very becoming, weren't they? When he came on the Goldwyn lot in that costume, there was some excitement.

"Look at the pretty legs," someone sang out.

"Sure," answered Rogers, "how do you suppose I kept my job in the 'Follies' all these years?"

For Those Who Read Recipes

Jacqueline Logan says that her recipe for keeping slim is riding a bicycle, but just the same, it has been noticed that her recipe for getting anywhere is still riding in an automobile.

Even As Adam

Frank Hayes, the comedian in Benjamin B. Hampton's "Wildfire," had a terrible accident. And he is going to petition Luther Burbank to fix up a spineless variety of cactus.

Frank went in swimming and somebody "swiped" his clothes—a cruelly careless thing to do! So Frank clothed himself in twigs in regular back-to-nature style, and made some sandals out of the California cactus. He thought he was safe in doing so because the cactus had been de-natured for use in the picture; but its nature proved to be too vicious for cure, and Hayes felt just as if he had on a pair of shoes with nails in them.

He looked very clever when he re-joined his company on location. "You can call me Theda," he told them, "because I am so Bara."

As one must expect things like that from a comedian, the company let him live.

Some Baby!

Babe London, also in the cast of "Wildfire," is as fat as Frank Hayes is thin. So she and Frank, when out on location with the company, helped out the food situation just like the well-known Jack Spratt and his wife. For one of them must eat to grow fat and the other must eat to grow thin—their figures being their fortunes.

"Whoever called you 'Babe London' made a mistake," said one of the cast to the fat lady.

She bit. "How's that?" she inquired.

"You should have been called 'Baby Grand,'" was the answer.

He Was Desperate

Whenever a certain comedy type is wanted at the Fox studio in New York, a particular man is sent for. Director Charles J. Brabin remembered this comedian when he was preparing to make "Footfalls" and asked Casting Director James Ryan to look him up. A few days later, the comedian walked into the office.

"Are you doing anything?" Ryan asked him.

"Not a darn thing," was the prompt reply, "and say—if I don't get something pretty soon I guess I'll have to take the veil."

Another Ford Joke

Mary Carr was working on some new scenes at the New York Fox studios, when Jack Ford, who directs Shirley Mason, walked on the set. His directing instinct was so strong within him that he couldn't resist making suggestions, and he proved to be a pretty useful person to have around.

"I think," remarked Mrs. Carr, "that this picture is going to turn into a Ford-Carr production."

A Bent Camel

"I resigns," said a colored extra in "The Queen of Sheba," to J. Gordon Edwards, the director. He showed unmistakable signs of sea-sickness. "Cain't get me on no more camels!"

"Come, come, George," said Director Edwards, "don't turn me down now; I need you."

"Well, sah, you give me a fresh camel to ride, then."

"A fresh camel?" asked the Director, puzzled.

"Yessuh. The way that there camel's back was worn down—tain't no wonder he rides rough."

A. M. T.



Hints to Scenario Writers

by
Frederick Palmer



EDITOR'S NOTE: This week marks our first gala spread to our new SCENARIO DEPARTMENT, which, henceforth, will be one of the feature departments of "Movie Weekly." We invite questions. They will be answered. Perhaps many questions that you have in mind to ask you will find answered under the Question and Answer section of this department. Just address your letters to the Scenario Editor, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Tragedy and the Photoplay

PERIODICALLY there arises from the ranks of American literary connoisseurs, a prophet in the wilderness, who predicts dire things for "the movies" unless the producers hastily discard the happy ending and turn their attention to tragedy. "Tragedy," they wail, "is the only true form of drama. Every human being eventually goes down to the grave in sorrow. No couple can live happily forever after, for the simple reason that they both must die. Give us realism! Give us life!"

I venture to state that if these same critics were forced to live in the environment that they advocate, they would soon seek refuge in suicide from the maddening thoughts that constant repetition of the unpleasant truths of life would stir up within their minds.

Admittedly, we all must die; we all must suffer. But why should it be considered true Art to remind us, daily, of these morbid facts? A far-sighted Divine Power realized that the earth would be peopled by a race of madmen unless there was some way out—some mental exit, through which humans could go to find surcease from the dread realities. Accordingly, in the breasts of us all He planted the divine instinct of Hope. He painted the rainbow across the sky. He caused roseate dawn to follow the blackest part of the night; Spring to follow Winter. Even when men approach death itself, in most instances, they grasp eagerly at the promise of future existence, on a higher plane.

Why, then, disturb the pleasant dreams of mankind? Why go counter to an elemental instinct? Why call it Art, when a producer seeks to draw back the curtain from the brutal, morbid side of our earthly existence; and brand any attempt to cater to optimism and the finer things as inartistic?

Producers are men of money, even if they are not always philosophers. They have long since learned that the vast majority go to the theatre to dream—to get away from unpleasant truths, and to glean vicariously some mental strength from what they see, some help in lessening the tense strain of the daily struggle for food, shelter and happiness. They have discovered that the uplifting play will show them a profit, and that the unpleasant play—even though highly acclaimed by the critics—will draw heavily upon their bank balances.

This should be the final answer to those who insist that the photoplay should reflect the unpleasant side of life. The public does not want that sort of motion pictures, as has been proved repeatedly. The public wishes to dream on, and the wise photo-dramatist will let them dream.

What Is An "Idea" Worth?

WERE one to stand at the elbow of a busy scenario editor, while he is opening his morning mail, one would be amazed at the large number of letters he receives in which occur the words, "Here is a big idea, upon which you can build a successful photoplay." The writer invariably adds, of course, that a substantial check, in payment for the aforementioned idea, would be very acceptable.

As a matter of fact, the scenario editor does not want ideas—at least "in the nude." He wants them, of course, when they are dressed up and ready for use; when they have been carefully motivated and grouped into situations that may

be placed into continuity for the director's use. But the bare thought—the solitary, scintillating, inspirational fragment—is not welcome. In all probability, the scenario editor himself has a half-dozen photoplay "ideas," equally as good, in his own notebook, but which he has never attempted to use because he lacks the time in which to give them proper treatment.

There was a period in motion picture production when the producers advertised extensively for ideas, and offered to pay fabulous prices for them. That day is past. With the rapid strides that photoplay technique has taken, with hundreds studying the art of the scenario, the studios can now secure screen dramas that are thoroughly worked out in proper form for production; and they have small time for the carelessly "dashed off" synopsis that contains only a bare suggestion of the completed play.

After all, the idea upon which a photoplay is founded is not nearly so important as is generally believed. Technique and method of treatment have as much to do with the success of a motion picture as the foundation on which it is erected. One of the most successful photoplaywrights in the world, H. H. Van Loan, who has written a score of the biggest pictures, declared in a recent article that he considered the mode of handling an idea of even more importance than the idea itself. "The collapse of a building," he stated, "is seldom due to its foundation. The cause is usually attributed to poor construction, faulty ironwork, or weak walls. It is so with a story. The theme may be a good one, and worthy of sustaining a big, powerful drama; but, if the construction is weak incoherent and unconvincing, then the whole story collapses. A producer is interested, of course, in any good idea, but he is more interested in the way the author works it out."

Accordingly, the next time that you, the photoplay writer, conceive a big idea, don't jot it down in a brief letter and rush it off to your favorite studio. Think it over, tear it to pieces, rebuild it, insert the proper characterization, motivation, suspense. Then write your final synopsis as carefully as you can; and if you have done your work well, you may be certain that your "big idea" is going to appear on the screen.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question: What is the difference between a "great moment" and a "climax"?—H. J. K.

Answer: A five-reel photoplay on the average contains three or four major crises and from nine to twelve minor crises. Anyone of these major crises might be termed a "great moment" in the play. The greatest moment in the play would, of course, be the "climax."

Question: I do not feel that drama can be made out of the "commonplace." Do you think it can?—F. E.

Answer: This depends largely upon your definition of "commonplace." Everyday characters in stories of everyday life have made some of the greatest successes of the screen. Characters of our own world have come to be more appealing than the "lords and ladies" who once aroused the imaginations of the cinema audiences. There is a great demand for novelty, but this may take form in the treatment of a familiar and hackneyed theme, as well as in the development of an unusual, novel idea.

Question: Is it necessary to have crime in a photoplay, in order to have action?—O. M. J.

Answer: Many current releases indicate emphatically that it is not necessary to have crime as a motif in the attractive photoplay. There must be conflict, if there is to be drama. Someone with whom the audience sympathizes must be struggling for some definite objective, in opposition to the efforts of another, with whom the audience may sympathize to a certain extent, but whom they do not want to win. The struggle, and the winning or losing of the goal constitute drama, and the more interesting and human you can make it, the better.

Question: Should every photoplay have a theme?—W. R.

Answer: Practically every picture has a theme, the only exception being purely adventurous melodrama

in which thrilling events occur so rapidly as to keep the audience entertained, by means of the action alone. In these, the conflict is physical to a considerable degree, and while a theme would add to the value of any picture, many of them hold the attention and really entertain merely by the swift rush of exciting action.

Question: Exactly what is connoted by the term "stellar role" story?—D. A. W.

Answer: When a play is written which centralizes the major portion of the action around one character, it is known as a "stellar role" or a "star role" story.

Question: What is meant by the term "superfeature"?—U. R.

Answer: The appellation "superfeature" applies to pictures which run from eight to fourteen reels in length and cost from two hundred and fifty thousand to a million dollars to produce. "Intolerance," "Theodora" and "Cabiria" were known as "superfeatures."

Question: What is a "feature" picture?—U. R.

Answer: A "feature" picture might be classed as forming the middle ground between an ordinary program release and a "superfeature." It is presumed to be a picture with an excellent cast, expensive settings, and produced through the efforts of high class directors, photographers, and scenario writers. "The Affairs of Anatol," "Disraeli," "The Great Moment," etc., were known as "feature" pictures. I must warn you, however, that exhibitors in their advertising do not draw any sharp lines in their classifications of releases. Many a picture has been called a "feature" picture that was nothing more than an ordinary program release.

Question: Why am I warned not to use "fights" in my synopsis, when almost every screen play contains them?—F. D. E.

Answer: True, a great many photoplays contain fights, but the tendency in the cinematic world is toward mental struggle rather than physical. Remember that the industry is progressing all the time, and the standards are constantly being forced upwards. Producers have expressed their opinion that physical conflict, unless treated in a strikingly novel manner, is not apt to hold an audience and interest them as much as mental conflict. Anyway, "fights" have been used so excessively in the past, they have lost much of their effectiveness.

Question: Why should incidents that are founded upon fact be criticized?—E. C.

Answer: When you use incidents from real life, you must make them seem plausible to an audience. You know the saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The question is not whether the incident is true or is not true; not whether it is possible and probable or not, so much as whether it is made plausible. You must give your material the "illusion of reality," whether it possesses any foundation in actual reality, or not.

Question: On account of contrary reports, I am unable to determine whether there is any demand for the occult story or not. Is there?—S. W. A.

Answer: Remember that the motion picture field is comprehensive and diversified. The most strongly accentuated tendencies are constantly changing, so that the demands of the market are flexible. For this reason, it is only natural that different leaders in the cinematic world should not agree on every point. In the main it is a subject of which producers are wary, because of their experience with it in the past.

Question: Does "dramatic punch" imply physical conflict?—J. K.

Answer: In regard to "dramatic punch," if you will study some strong, dramatic story, such as "The Miracle Man," you will find that the major situations and the climax do not depend upon physical violence, and yet they are full of intensity. If you have a strong, evenly balanced conflict in your plot, such as the struggle of the good and evil forces in "The Miracle Man," you will be able to work this conflict into situations that possess dramatic virility. Gunplay and "fights" are by no means necessary. In fact, a battle of wits, or a battle of personalities, will be apt to be far more interesting to the modern spectator.

Question: Should a character that is given the leading role of a story be unusual?—I. H. V.

Answer: A character does not have to be unusual to make an appeal, but he should be interesting

FIGHTING THE KING OF CROOKS

In Which A Modest, Unassuming Detective Comes From Chicago
And Surprises New York

By JOHN R. CORYELL

Harley Burchard didn't look the least like a detective, but he opened an office in New York. Jimmy (Red) Daly, his office boy, held something like contempt for "the detective who had nothing to detect," until one morning Burchard became interested in a sensational bank robbery. Harriet Bowerby is in love with Peter Wilcox, bank clerk, implicated in the hold-up. She pleads Wilcox's innocence and gets Burchard to take the case. Wilcox has been reported to have been paying attention to a beautiful woman whose reputation is none too good. The detective goes to consult Lola Leslie, "the woman in the case." Jimmy Daly is put to work on the case. Burchard calls on Miss Bowerby at her home. While there, he meets Mr. Harwood, a young man interested in Hattie. Burchard tells Jimmy all he knows or guesses about the case, and sets the boy to work watching the movements of Harwood and Lola Leslie. The detective induces Hattie to discharge him and to tell her mother she is through with Wilcox. In disguise, and armed to the hilt, Burchard trails Harwood to a big estate on Long Island, and "listens in" on a conference of daredevil crooks. Lola Leslie, Maltbie and Harwood all seem to be "in" on a big swindling scheme. Burchard is discovered in the house and after a stiff fight is bound and cast on a cot upstairs. Then, suddenly, Burchard is astonished to hear Jimmy, who had been trailing Lola Leslie, say: "Mr. Burchard, are youse there?"

JIMMY was by his chief's side in a moment, and evidently he was prepared for what he had to do, for after feeling over his boss' body, he began to cut the cords that held him.

When his hands were free Burchard removed the gag, and by the time that was done, Jimmy had cut the cords that bound his legs.

"For Heaven's sake, Jimmy!" he whispered, standing up and stretching, "what are you doing here?"

"On de trail o' de skoit," answered Jimmy. "I jest had ter."

Burchard almost laughed at the tone of apology. He put his arm around Jimmy and fairly hugged him. "I'm glad you felt that way, Jimmy. I guess you saved my life."

"Gee!" murmured Jimmy, "I t'ought dey was goin' to croak yuh down dere in de hall. Den I couldn't a' done nottin'. Gee! I sweated."

"You saw that?" queried Burchard.

"I hoid de shootin', an' I was dead sure sumpin' was up, so I shimmied up de vine, same as you, an' got in. Say dere was four o' dem crooks chasin' aroun' outside dere, an' I dunno how I made it."

"How did you come to be in here?"

"Backed in by luck w'en dey starts in to bring yuh up. Say! ain't we goin' ter git a move on?"

"I've been thinking about that; we can't go while they're moving around. I think some of them are going away. Hear that automobile outside?"

In his excitement Jimmy hadn't heard it, though it was distinct enough now. "Two of dem," he said.

"Jimmy," whispered Burchard suddenly, leading the boy to one of the windows, "get out there and find out the best you can how many go away in the cars." He opened the window and Jimmy slipped out without a word and disappeared in the darkness.

Burchard went to the door and opened it a crack and listened. The voices came up to him with sufficient distinctness.

"You know what you've got to do, Charlie," he heard the Chief say.

"I'll stick to the girl, and get her," Harwood answered.

"That's the important thing. The rest of you have nothing to do till you hear from me. Don't worry about the dick, I'll take care of him. Keep under cover, Tom; you don't want to be seen. If I have any orders you'll hear through Lola. The rest of you hang around the regular places; nobody's got anything on you. And remember! what Lola says, goes."

There was a shuffling of many feet, and then the closing of the hall door. A few minutes later

he heard the sound of departing automobiles, and he closed the door.

Jimmy returned shortly after. "I don't know how many dere was," he whispered, "but de cars was packed full."

"All right, Jimmy! Now look here! I'm playing a dangerous game, and I want you to go home. You can get down the vine the same as you came up. Be at the office as usual."

"Nuttin' doin'," answered Jimmy with fierce obstinacy. "I'm goin' ter stick. Yuh can't lose me."

"But Jimmy, this is no place for a boy. Now you—"

"Have a heart!" wailed Jimmy softly. "I kin take care o' meself. Say! where 'ud you be if—"

"All right, Jimmy! but if anything happened to you I'd never forgive myself. Hush! He's coming up, and ten to one he'll come in here for a last look. Stand there."

He pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open and waited.

He heard the firm, assured footsteps of the Chief on the stairs and then in the hall approaching the door. As he had expected the Chief was going to make his prisoner a visit. He waited, poised like a cat for a sudden spring.

The door was thrown open; there was a moment's pause, and then the light was turned on by pressing the button by the side of the door. Then the Chief walked in.

The counterpane was over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was on.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master; and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.

"Tie his feet!" Burchard whispered.

Jimmy snatched from the floor the cords he had cut from the detective and tied the man's feet; then at a sign he tied his wrists together. Burchard tore off a piece of the counterpane and stuffed it into the Chief's mouth for a gag.

This much done he leisurely retied the cords at wrists and ankles so as to be sure they would hold. Then he stood up and smiled down into the cold, blue eyes of his prisoner.

"There's blood on you," cried Jimmy suddenly.

Burchard went over and looked in the mirror. One side of his face was read with dried blood. He felt with his fingers and knew that it came from a wound near the temple. It was where he had been hit by the bullet. There was also a lump on his head where he had been hit by the butt of the revolver. Neither wound was of any consequence, however.

"Keep your eye on him while I wash the blood off," he said quietly.

Jimmy watched the man on the floor, but also he flashed an occasional glance at the detective. To his thinking Burchard was the most wonderful man alive; and he exulted in being a party to this exciting adventure. It hadn't even entered his mind to be afraid.

Having removed the blood, Burchard returned and searched the Chief. He found an automatic and some papers, besides money and other things of no interest to him. The automatic and papers he put in his pocket.

"Here's where we take a chance, Jimmy," he said as he straightened up. "We've got to get to the city with this gentleman, and I'm banking on the chance of such an important person having a nice car of his own to make the journey in. I'm going to carry him out to the garage and I want you to go downstairs ahead of me and open the door. I'll go into his room first and

get him an overcoat and hat so that he won't catch cold. I have an idea that the nice, big room with the delightful southern exposure is his. Come along!"

He stooped and picked up his prisoner with an ease that excited Jimmy's admiration. He threw him over his shoulder and with the automatic ready in his hand opened the door and quietly stopped into the hall.

The house was profoundly still, and the lights on the lower floor were out, indicating that whomever had remained in the house had retired for the night.

His surmise as to the room that was occupied by the Chief proved to be correct as the well filled closets proved by their array of clothing suited to that person.

He selected an overcoat and a derby hat for the Chief and saved himself the trouble of looking for his own hat by selecting a soft one, which he found would fit him. Incidentally he searched the room for anything of interest, but without finding anything.

"Now we're ready," he told Jimmy; and took up his prisoner from the bed where he had placed him, fastened the coat around his neck by the top button, gave Jimmy the derby and threw the Chief over his shoulder once more.

Jimmy led the way down the stairs, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and made their way to the garage without trouble.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Watch him, Jimmy!" he said, and went to the garage and tried the doors. They rolled back easily, but made sufficient noise to arouse the chauffeur sleeping in a room overhead.

"Don't come down," Burchard said in so good an imitation of the voice and curt tones of the Chief that Jimmy started and looked down at the prisoner. "I can attend to this. I don't want you."

"All right sir," was the sleepy response from above.

"Gee!" murmured the admiring Jimmy; "wot d'yuh know erbout dat!"

Burchard found the electric light and turned it on. He examined the tank, which he found full, and tested the car in every way. It was in perfect order, and was a powerful road car of the newest model.

"A crook will have the best when he has the money to buy it—or the chance to steal it," Burchard muttered.

He brought his prisoner in and disposed him in the back seat, with the coat collar turned up and the hat pulled down in such a way that anyone might easily think him some one who had dined more well than wisely.

Jimmy sat with the prisoner, wrapped up in a rug, and Burchard took his seat at the wheel. A moment later they rolled out of the garage, and presently were on the road, speeding toward the city.

They crossed the bridge and turned south; and not long after stopped in front of Burchard's house. The street was deserted. Burchard jumped out, bade Jimmy follow him, and picked up his prisoner and carried him inside.

He placed the man on a couch and leaned over him with a smile. The other stared up at him with the most malevolent glare conceivable.

"Sorry to cause you so much inconvenience," the detective said, but after all turn about is fair play. By the way! I wonder if you wouldn't be more comfortable without the whiskers."

As he spoke he smilingly pulled gently at the beard near the ears and the Vandyke came gradually away, much to Jimmy's amazement and apparently to the utter wrath of the prisoner. The mustache followed the beard.

"There, Prince!" said Burchard pleasantly, "I'm sure you'll be more comfortable now, particularly

when I substitute bracelets for these unpleasant cords. You see I know about them, having had them on."

He not only changed the cords for handcuffs, but he procured a coil of fine, pliable rope and retied the legs and readjusted the gag so that it would be just as effective but less uncomfortable. Finally he secured him to the couch in such a way that he couldn't roll off of it.

"Now that you are provided for," Burchard said, "I'll go round up the others. Don't be annoyed if I am a little late in getting back. Come Jimmy!"

* * * * *

AN' I t'ought he wasn't no detective," Jimmy said to himself as he followed Burchard out to the car.

Burchard drove first to the garage where he had hired his car earlier in the evening. "Is Bob Boland here?" he demanded.

"Yes, he's on night service." The man in charge went to the door of the office and called, "Bob! come here! you're wanted."

"I want Bob to go with me," Burchard said. "I have my own car outside. I want him to drive; I'll pay just the same as if I'd taken a car from here."

This being satisfactory, Bob took his place in the car. "Give him Maltbie's address, Jimmy," Burchard said.

Jimmy did so and settled back in his seat with a sigh of great joy. There was going to be something more doing, and he was to be in it.

The car stopped in front of the magnificent apartment house where the cashier lived, and Burchard, accompanied by the chauffeur and Jimmy went inside and asked for Mr. Maltbie.

The clerk at the desk looked them over doubtfully, but Burchard noting the look, said curtly, "Call him up and say the Chief wants a word with him. He'll understand."

Maltbie had only just gone to bed, but when the message was delivered over the telephone he hastily told the clerk to send his visitor up, and then tremblingly put on a dressing gown and waited.

He opened the door himself, his man having gone to his own room. At the sight of Burchard with his two odd companions he turned ghostly pale and tottered back.

"Unexpected Maltbie," Burchard said. "Sit down! You two sit down also." They all mutely obeyed. Maltbie from sheer inability to utter a word. Burchard drew over a chair and sat down facing him. "Now we'll have a little talk. I've got you Maltbie; I suppose you know that."

Maltbie moistened his lips with his tongue, and gasped, "Yes."

"I'm not going to promise you anything, Maltbie, excepting this: if you tell all you know and give me all the help you can I'll use all my influence to get you a light sentence. I may as well tell you that I already have Prince Haskins, and that the others are right where I can get them when I want them. In fact you'll all be under lock and key before daylight. Going to talk?"

"Yes, I'm glad it's over. What do you want to know?" He was an abject wreck; and really acted as if glad the suspense was over. It was this that Burchard had counted on, having estimated him correctly from the first.

"Who helped you rob the bank?"

"Prince Haskins, Tom Overman and Sam—Lefty Sam they call him."

Burchard looked around to note how his two companions were taking the revelation. Eyes and ears were wide open. He smiled, sure they would remember every word.

"What did you do with Wilcox?"

He was stunned by a blow on the head and taken away.

"Where?"

"I don't know. I never have known."

"Where's the money?"

"I only know where my share is; it's in that safe."

"How much was your share?"

"Twenty thousand."

"Get it, and put your clothes on." Then as Maltbie drooped and covered his face with his hands, "How much money is the girl worth?"

"I don't know exactly; millions."

"What's her uncle's name?"

"I don't know."

"What's Harwood's address?"

"I don't know; I never had anything to do with him."

"What was to be your share in the final settlement?"

"One-tenth."

"And you went into the bank robbery and the disappearance of Wilcox for your one-tenth of the big haul. Is that it?"

"Yes."

"Well, get your clothes on and hand over the money." Then as the wretched man stood up, Burchard said, "I suppose you were brought into this through Lola Leslie?"

"Yes, I got in with her and she persuaded me. I thought she was in love with me. I was a fool; I might have known better. But I needed money and I did whatever she told me to."

Fifteen minutes later Maltbie, sunk in the lowest depths of despair, was in the car with Burchard on one side of him and Jimmy on the other.

It was not yet one o'clock in the morning when Burchard led Maltbie, a ghastly wreck of a man, up to the desk at headquarters. The sergeant in charge looked up and nodded recognition at the detective.

"One of the Wheatland National Bank robbers," said Burchard.

The sergeant started and stared at Maltbie, and several plain clothes men lounging at the other side of the room came forward and gave about equally

"How about Prince Haskins?" the man asked; "he ought to be in it if Tom is; but I don't know where he is—dropped out o' sight."

"I've got him placed," Burchard said, "don't bother about him. Do you know Lola Leslie, sergeant?"

"That dame!" cried the sergeant. "Prince Haskins' side partner; but we've never been able to get anything on her."

"I've got it," Burchard said quietly. "Round her up too. This Maltbie will spill everything." "Say!" said the sergeant in a puzzled tone, "I didn't know you were working on this."

"I wasn't. My job is to find Wilcox and clear him. To do that I had to get the real crooks. I've cleared Wilcox all right, but I've still to find him. They've got him stowed away somewhere if they haven't killed him. I think he's alive, but I've got to get him; so if you don't mind I'll get along now."

The sergeant held out his hand. "Burchard, you're all right! You'll get the credit for this; the old man will see to it."

Burchard hesitated for a moment. "Listen sergeant! there isn't any need to say anything about my part in this. You know I've done it and that's enough for me. I've got another end of it to look after that'll bring me credit enough. Better let the department get the credit for this. It will look better in the papers; and I'll be no loser by it."

"Right you are, Burchard!" exclaimed the sergeant, gripping the other's hand again. "Some day you'll tell me how you did it, eh?"

Burchard smiled and went out. He had made friends at headquarters, and that was worth a great deal to him. Besides he was less concerned about the bank robbery than about Wilcox and about the conspiracy that centered about the nice girl who had employed him.

He had yet to find Wilcox and to clear up the mystery surrounding Hattie Bowerby; and he was determined to do it that night if humanly possible.

He knew that the secret of Wilcox's whereabouts lay with Prince Haskins or maybe with Lola Leslie; he was also quite sure that neither of them would reveal it to him. Either might tell it later when they found themselves hopelessly tangled in the meshes of the law, but in the meantime anything might happen to Wilcox. He was a dangerous witness against them, and if, as was likely, he was in the hands of members of the gang, nothing was so probable as that he would be put out of the way.

Late as it was he had himself taken in the car to Eighteenth Street. He had to ring the bell of the Bowerby apartment for a long time before the window of their front room was opened and Mrs. Bowerby thrust her head out and demanded to know who he was and what he wanted.

"I am Burchard, Mrs. Bowerby, and I wish to speak to you about something very important," he answered. "What do you want?" she demanded sharply. "Why couldn't you wait?"

"It's a matter of life and death," he answered. "Please let me come up."

Evidently she decided that something of the utmost seriousness must be the matter, for she took her head in and presently he heard the click that told him the door could be pushed open.

Mrs. Bowerby and Hattie, clad in hastily donned wrappers, were in the parlor when he entered. Mrs. Bowerby showed her annoyance, but Hattie was trembling with eagerness. It was the latter who spoke first.

"You have learned something about Peter?" she queried at once.

"Yes, I have learned that he is innocent and I have discovered and arrested the real criminals. Now I want to find him; and that is why I am here."

"Do you think we know?" snapped Mrs. Bowerby. "No, but you may know the address of Harwood. That is what I want."

"Do you think he knows?" gasped Hattie.

"He knows a great deal I want to know, for he is in with the bank robbers. That is he is one of the gang."

(Continued on page 31)



The counterpane was over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was on.

divided attention to the cashier and to Burchard, all of whom knew him by sight from his frequent visits there.

"Why," said one of the plain clothes men, "it's the cashier."

"The cashier of the bank?" demanded the sergeant.

"Yes," assented Burchard. "I've got the goods on him. Here's twenty thousand, his share of the loot. He'll come through with the whole story. But that'll wait sergeant till I've had a few words with you. Look after him, boys, will you, while I talk to the sergeant."

The sergeant nodded to the plain clothes men to take charge of Maltbie, and wonderingly turned over the bundle of bills Burchard had given him. He looked curiously at Burchard, whose history he knew. "So you've turned the trick?" he said.

"Yes, this man will tell you all he knows. He's scared stiff and ready to come through with everything if you get him before any of the gang see him and brace him up."

"What gang?"

"Prince Haskins. I'll have Prince here later. He and Tom Overman and Lefty Sam did the job. That's what I want to see you about. Can you round up Overman and Lefty Sam?"

"Curley! Come here!" One of the plain clothes men came to them. "Can you lay your hooks on Tom Overman and Lefty Sam?"

"Sure."

"Well, you do it then just as quick as you can. It's the bank robbery. Don't give 'em a chance to get wise; and don't forget that Overman is the slipperiest guy in the business."

THE LOVE OF A HUMAN TIGER CAT

Beautiful of Face and Figure, Mentally a Sharp, Creative Genius—the Girl of the Story Rises from Farm Lass to Movie Queen

Viola Glade, human tiger cat, is sent with a letter to Royal Merton. Viola overhears Merton and her "grandmother," with whom she lives, planning to destroy papers revealing the girl's identity. Viola acquires the papers and secrets them in the hollow of a tree. Dale Vernon, noted screen star, falls in love with Viola, but Isobel Merton checks his declaration of love. Viola is seized by a keeper of an insane asylum and his hirelings, at Merton's direction. She escapes on the way to the madhouse, and wanders into the grounds of a large private estate.

Viola discovers two men who plan to rob, and perhaps murder an old colonel. By quick and brazen action, the fiery girl frustrates the plan of the murderers. Afterward, she tells her story to the Colonel Grafton, and is taken into that noble Virginian's household. The colonel falls in love with the girl, but tries to conceal the fact because of his seventy years. Viola marries the colonel and becomes Mrs. Grafton.

On their honeymoon they go to Viola's old haunts to recover the papers hidden in the tree. They are met by Dale Vernon, who had been searching relentlessly for the girl he loved. Vernon, in despair after learning of Viola's marriage, agrees to wed Isobel Merton. Royal Merton causes the wrecking of the train on which the colonel and his bride were bound for Richmond. The colonel is killed and Viola, also thought dead, is left in the wreckage by Merton, whose sole purpose was to recover Viola's papers. Merton's hirelings, however, take the girl to the insane asylum.

THE madhouse doctor's face grew black as midnight. Slowly he drew from his pocket some cords that he planned to use in binding Viola. She shuddered at the awful fate in store for her. Then her woman's wit and her splendid ability as an actress, the ability that in after days endeared her to the hearts of an army of movie fans, came to her rescue and she flashed him a smile from those perfect lips.

"Is that the way you win a girl, by force?" she pouted, looking so adorable and delightful that the dotard was completely deceived.

"You little devil," he chuckled, "many a man would give half his life for my good fortune. Do you know that you are the most beautiful creature that I have ever seen? If you will only behave yourself you shall have everything in this world that you want. I am an easy man with the girl I love. So come to my arms and let me fold that perfect form of yours close to me while I revel in the bliss of your kisses."

He opened wide his arms and looked upon her so like a satyr that a feeling of nausea swept over her. "One moment," she pleaded, "I—I am not prepared you know."

"Heavens! how lovely you are," he cried. "No wonder Dale Vernon is almost mad for love of you." The name stung her even in that moment of horror and she repeated it.

"Dale Vernon!" "Oh," the fellow cried with a leer, "you will have to give him up now, even if the colonel is dead; for, besides belonging to me forever, your old lover is engaged to marry Isobel Merton. He asked her this very afternoon."

"How do you know that?" she demanded, deeply interested, yet all the while imperceptibly changing her position and drawing nearer to where the twine lay.

"One of the servants told me so."

A daring plan had come to her and she was talking for time, hardly conscious of what passed between them, so intent was she on her purpose.

"Is Colonel Grafton really dead?" she asked.

"Dead as any man can be, my dear."

"Why was I brought here?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Since you will never leave here alive I suppose there is no harm in telling you. The doctors have certified that you are insane, and this is an asylum. That is one reason. Another is that you are dangerous to the peace and comfort of Merton just as your mother was before you. He now thinks you dead."

"Is my mother dead?"

"Yes; long ago. But come, my little beauty, I am about crazy to taste the nectar of those red lips of yours."

The coils of twine now lay within a yard of her feet. She swallowed a lump that rose to her throat, and said huskily:

"Come then; I am ready."

His face aflame with passion he sprang toward her off his guard. She stooped like a panther about to spring, snatched up the heavy twine, and with a swift movement threw it over his head.

He darted back with a loud cry of alarm and anger; but Viola, with flaming eyes, followed him, and darted under the hand that was stretched out to hold her back.

With a swiftness and agility that bewildered him, she glided back of him, and with a movement of her hand wound the coils around his neck. He now began to struggle fiercely, and she knew that her fate must be decided within less than half a minute.

With all her strength she drew the coils around his neck; and so quickly had she worked, that but one cry had escaped him, though he was throwing himself about in a wild attempt to free himself.

She clung to the cords, and maintained her place close behind him in spite of all he did; and presently he began to gasp and totter, and finally dropped on his knees, limp and almost lifeless. She then bound his hands behind him, after which his ankles and knees were bound firmly together.

She could see by his convulsive movements that he was breathing hard; but she only snatched her handkerchief from her pocket, turned him on his back, and thrust the wadded linen into his mouth. Then she used his own handkerchief to bind hers in its place.

"Now you are in my power," she said; "and through you I shall gain my freedom."

Her wild life stood her in good stead through all this unequal struggle, and now prevented her from giving way, as she might have been forgiven for doing.

Searching the pockets of the doctor, she found a pocket-knife, the blades of which were sharp as lancets. She opened the largest blade and then undid the bandage that was tied over the prisoner's mouth.

"One word from you without my permission," she said, "and I will bury this blade in your throat."

He gazed at her in silence, his eyes blazing with the combined hate and fear that throbbed within him. He dared not disobey her, for there was that flame in her hazel eyes that told him she was in deadly earnest.

The Escape

A CRY of terror escaped from the lips of the doctor as he saw her coming toward him, the knife gleaming in the light of the lamp.

"Silence!" she cried imperiously. "I shall not hurt you if you do exactly as I tell you; if you fail I shall drive this knife blade into your throat, just under the ear, where the artery is."

She remembered hearing the colonel say that there was the dangerous place in the neck.

"I will do as you say," he murmured.

"If you value your life you will," she responded, curtly. "Tell all you know about Royal Merton and myself."

"I know very little," he whined. "He robbed your mother of her fortune, and she died of a broken heart."

"The scoundrel!" she panted. "Go on!"

"He was afraid that you would find that out by the papers you had and so was determined to get them from you."

"Listen to me," she said impressively. "I'll not ask you any more questions for I shall find out the rest all in good time. I am going to free your limbs and you must show me the way out of this place. You think to play me some trick; but I swear to you that at the first suspicion of foul play I will drive this blade down your ugly throat. Remember I am desperate! I would rather die than fall into your power again; but if I must die you shall die first!"

He could not look into her beautiful but determined face without realizing that it would be dangerous to trifle with her.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked with a whine.

"I am going to free your legs but keep your arms bound," she said. "You will make a signal for the men to open the door; after that do as I bid you, always remembering that the point of this knife-blade is at your throat, ready to take a nose dive."

"I will do as you say," he whined, at the same time cursing her in his heart, and vowing a terrible vengeance on her.

She freed his legs and made him rise to his feet. "Now signal the men to come in!" she commanded.

He went to the door, Viola close beside him, the point of the blade grazing the flesh under his ear, causing him to tremble as with ague.

"You will stick it into me if you are not careful," he whined.

"I will stick it into you if you are not careful," she answered grimly. "Give the signal and then step quickly back. When the men come in, warn them to keep away from you and go to the other end of the room. Remember I shall kill you the moment danger threatens me."

He kicked on the door in a way that evidenced an understanding between him and his men. He had hardly gained the place indicated by the girl when the door was opened. At the sight of Viola standing by the side of their master, a shining blade at his throat, they uttered a cry and would have leaped toward him but for an agonized command to halt from the doctor.

"For God's sake, keep back! Don't come near me! Go to the other end of the room."

The men stared in bewilderment; then from habit, obeyed his commands. Viola kept her eyes upon them, the point of the blade penetrated the skin, and the doctor screamed:

"Keep back, you fools!"

The men stood still, and the doctor and Viola passed out of the door; then the men realizing that they were being tricked threw obedience to the winds, and made a bound for the door.

Viola acted for herself now, and swung the door to with a bang. With trembling hand she felt for the bolt, touched it, and shot it into place. The men hurled themselves against the door; but it was too late. Viola shot the remaining bolts, and the men were securely caged.

The doctor stood like one dazed while this was going on, though there was a moment when, by a dash he might have escaped.

"Are there any more men in the house?" Viola demanded.

"One man down-stairs on the lower floor," he answered sulkily.

"Take me to the door."

He led the way down to the main hall, and directed Viola how to open the great door. She made him precede her into the darkness. She now held his arm with one hand, and kept the blade at his neck with the other, though he begged her to remember that she might stumble in the darkness and stab him unintentionally.

"I won't stumble if you don't," she answered meaningly; "but walking as I am, I shall be sure to stumble if you make any mistake."

When she heard the great iron gate close behind her at last she breathed a sigh of relief at her deliverance. However she forced the doctor to accompany her for at least a quarter of a mile, then she groped around in the darkness for a tree and tied him to it, saying to him that he might remain there until daylight, or call for help if he chose.

"I Do Love Him"

HOW strange the whirling of time. A bride in the morning, a widow at night; happy and free as a bird in one hour, and in the next a prisoner in an insane asylum; now a petted darling, with a noble old man her eager slave, and quickly again a lonely wanderer in the dark and dismal night.

She sped on mechanically with her thoughts busy on these matters; her tears flowing freely.

"I'll go back home," she murmured. "The colonel's lawyer will know what to do. I want the guilty ones punished and I shall do it."

In the dark she came close to a building; then she recognized it.

"Our cottage," she murmured, and shrank back. She turned and fled with the speed of the wind not knowing or caring where she went just so she got the cottage and its hated occupant out of sight; not knowing that the old woman who had posed as her grandmother was gone. Suddenly she found herself near the Merton home.

Despite the lateness of the hour the house was ablaze with lights and there was music. Of course Isobel was the musician. Viola clenched one little hand.

"She has every accomplishment and I have nothing," she muttered. "I wonder if he does love her after all?"

She sought the window through which came the music. It was open and she had only to climb a little terrace to look in.

Isobel sat at the piano playing and singing; Dale stood by her side turning the music.

Viola gazed in silence; then sank down on the grass and buried her face in her hands, moaning:

"I've lost him! I did not know I loved him! Now he loves her."

She sat there several minutes; then leaped to her feet and ran away, as if she were afraid to look longer at the scene.

"I don't care now," she muttered. "I'll go to sleep in the woods; if there were beasts there to kill me I'd go all the quicker. I'm a little fool! He did love me, and I turned him away. Oh, I wish I were dead!"

"There is the murderer!" she cried passionately. "I'll go in there and take the papers away from him!"

She started to her feet, her heart throbbing with excitement at her contemplated deed. She studied the room for a moment through the vines that climbed about the window and was about to dart into the room when there came a sharp knock at the door of the library and Royal Merton started up with a cry of terror, but he sank back in his chair almost as fast as he had risen and threw a newspaper over the documents that lay before him, and called out:

"Come in."

Dale Vernon entered. Viola almost cried out as she caught sight of the beloved face.

"I trust you will pardon me for a few minutes, Mr. Merton," he said gravely, and even sadly, as it seemed to Viola.

"Certainly Dale."

"Perhaps you can guess why I come to you at this hour. It is to ask your sanction to Isobel's marriage to me."

"I suspected so much, Dale; and I am free to say that I am rejoiced that you two have settled your differences and come together again."

"It is very kind of you to say so, Mr. Merton. I am not so ready to forgive myself for what has passed, and I feel sure I must say to you what I have also told Isobel."

"Surely there is no need of explanations, my dear boy. I know how young men will sometimes let a pretty face steal away their senses."

Viola pressed her little hands on her heaving bosom

while she listened to Vernon's response. She saw a look of utter misery take possession of his face, saw his hands clench as if he would conquer his emotion.

"Mr. Merton," he said, huskily, after a pause, "it was no passing fancy that drew me to that beautiful girl. I loved her from the first moment I saw her."

Royal Merton's face grew dark.

"Is it necessary to speak of that folly?" he asked curtly.

"Yes," cried Dale, his grey eyes flashing, "it is necessary; for the love I bore for her abides still in my heart."

"And you tell me this in the same moment you ask me for the hand of my daughter?" cried Merton angrily.

"Yes; I would not wed your daughter without telling you," was the response. "Some day I hope to overcome this passion. But whether I do or not, I

"Thank you, sir."

Vernon bowed his head and turned away. There was none of the glad alacrity of the lover in his manner.

He turned with bent head and heavy heart and went out of the room, his thoughts all on her who stood within sound of his voice, unable to speak, unable to move.

The door closed on him and the girl who had stood, turned to stone, suddenly came to life. She ran forward oblivious of Merton and her sweet voice rang out:

"Oh, Dale, Dale, my love! my life! come back! I am here!"

But Merton leaped on her and pressed his hand over her mouth to stifle the words she would utter to call back the man she loved.

"Curse you!" he cried, his face grew with fear.

"I thought you were dead. I should have strangled you at your birth. But one more is nothing now."

Viola wrenched herself free from his palsied grasp. His hand went slowly toward his hip-pocket, and drew a revolver out, though without betraying the fact to her.

She retreated from him and gathered up the precious documents with one sweep of her right hand. His face was ghastly, his eyes burning like living coals, and his lips compressed till there was but a hard, straight line between them.

"You intend to give those papers to your lawyer I suppose."

"I certainly do," she replied firmly.

She was playing for time to get to the window and then dash away to safety. She had reached it now and turned her head as she spoke, to see where she should step. As she did so Merton took hasty aim and fired.

With a scream of pain, Viola threw up her arms, her nerveless fingers relaxing their hold on the papers and scattering them over the floor. She swayed forward, then tottered back, and with a

moan, staggered out of the window and disappeared. There was one last groan and then all was silence.

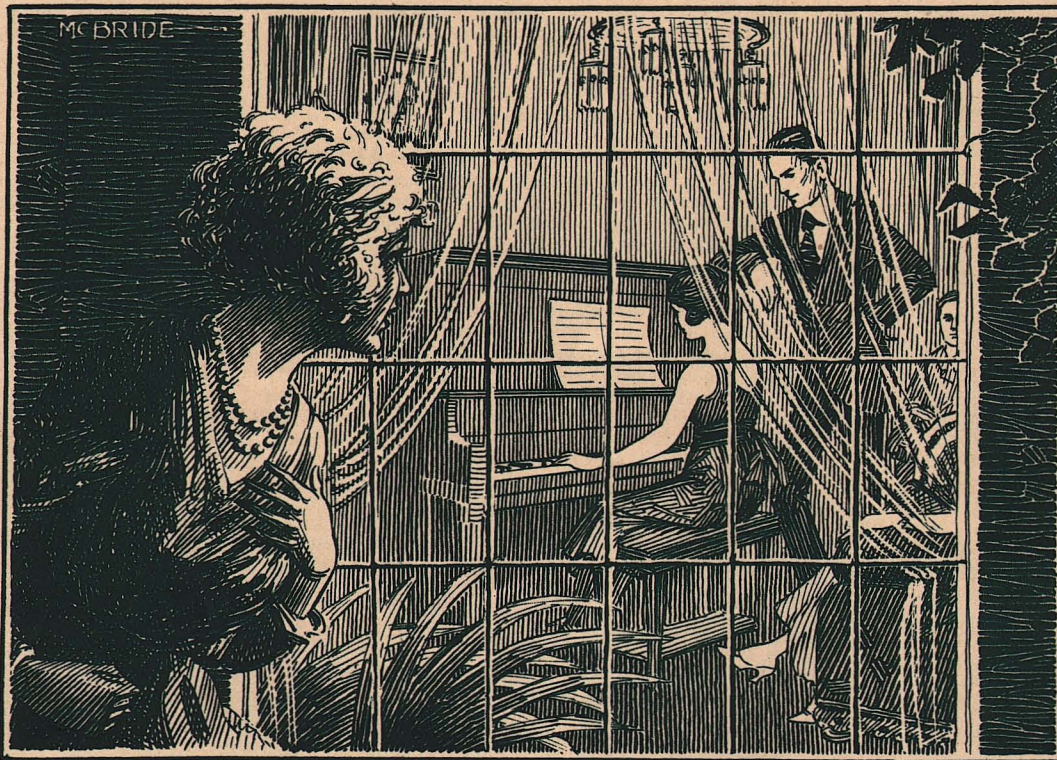
"She is dead!" he muttered hoarsely. "They will be coming to know the meaning of the shot. I must be quick."

He leaped on the papers Viola had dropped and with a swift movement thrust them in his inside coat pocket. Then running to the library door he cried out:

"Help! Burglars! Is that you, Vernon. I shot one of them. Call the men!"

The servants were gathering in little frightened groups. Isobel rushed in and, learning what the trouble was, or, rather, what her father said the trouble was, promptly fainted. Vernon was busy with her, trying to revive her when Merton ran outside to see if the body of the girl was there and to secrete it before it was discovered. He drew his flashlight and searched the ground thoroughly before any of the cowardly servants came out, but he found nothing. Viola had vanished as though the ground had opened and swallowed her.

(Continued next week)



Viola gazed in silence—Isobel sat at the piano playing and singing; Dale by her side.

shall, with my senses, at least, despise the girl who won my love and threw it aside to sell herself to a rich old man."

Viola drew back with a gasp of pain. His tone, more than his words, cut her like a knife.

Merton gave a jarring laugh.

"How could you have expected anything else. She was low born, low bred, and had nothing but her beauty. No doubt you could have bought it without the formality of a wedding had you not had a richer and more foolish rival."

"Stop, stop! you must not speak so of her."

"Pshaw! why mince matters? Let her go!"

"It is enough for me," Vernon said, slowly, "that she sold herself to that old man. I scorn and despise her; and it must be that some day I can tear her image from my heart."

Merton laughed hoarsely.

"Love is like the measles; you can get over it and have it a second time. I will trust Isobel to you. Take her and you will learn to love her, for she loves you."

Why a Studio Mirror Is Labelled "Glass"

Labelling a mirror "Glass" seems to be a waste of time—seems to be, unless you know the ways of a motion picture studio. Had you been in the studio while Frank Borzage was directing "The Good Provider" for Cosmopolitan Productions, you could have seen for yourself a tall mirror so placarded, and you probably would have wondered why.

A studio with several settings is generally pretty much of a maze. Doors that apparently lead one to an exit merely open into another setting. A palatial dining-room may adjoin a hovel, a

witch's den may be on the other side of a court-room. Unless one knows perfectly the ins and outs of a given studio there is a strong likelihood of losing one's way in the tangle of walls, windows, doors, furniture, lamps, cables and other paraphernalia.

The mirror mentioned above adorned a modiste's shop built right next to a cabaret setting in "The Good Provider." The flood of light shed upon the cabaret scene during the photographing of the action there made the modiste's shop dark by comparison. A visitor or a player hurrying into

the modiste's establishment might have taken the mirror, set in the wall, as a way out of the studio, and in order to avoid a crash and possible injuries, the studio manager had a large sheet of paper pasted on the glass conspicuously identifying it.

"The Good Provider" was written by Fannie Hurst and adapted to the screen by John Lynch. In the cast are: Dore Davidson, Vera Gordon, Miriam Battista, William (Buster) Collier, Jr., Vivienne Osborne, John Roche, Ora Jones, Edward Phillips and others.

What Is Hollywood Really Like?

(Continued from page 5)

articles written about the place, one might suppose that there wasn't a husband in all Hollywood.

During the recent depression, the city of Los Angeles, which includes Hollywood, has been widely advertised as the one "white spot" on the business map of the country. But, over against this, sensation seekers and busybodies have been whispering into receptive ears that Hollywood appears on the moral map as the "blight spot." Unfortunately, because it reacts against them, too, residents of other sections of Los Angeles have been pleased to jape at Hollywood, meaning only to have their little jokes, but this alleged "humor" has been misinterpreted by serious-minded journalists and tall-faced reformers, who have made it the basis of untrue but injurious statements. However promulgated, and by whom, the popular fable about Hollywood is a base falsehood.

Look at Mary Miles Minter—you won't find it hard on the eyes. Mary is a very brainy and discerning girl, as evidence of which appears the fact that she has invested heavily in Hollywood real estate. I know that she would not have taken this step, nor would her well-informed family have concurred in it, and in the erection here of their beautiful, permanent home, if they regarded Hollywood as anything less than one hundred per cent, morally, socially and economically.

Let me point out to you another picture: Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel standing by the big bulletin board at the Lasky studio, in close and earnest conversation. Gather round, muckrakers! Mr. Nagel is married, but it's perfectly evident to the muckraker mind that he is "dating" Miss Wilson for some evening and so on. She takes out her notebook and writes a line, undoubtedly the telephone number of Mr. Nagel's favorite boot-legger! Oh, that such things should be—and Miss Wilson looks like such a nice girl! Something ought to be done about it!

Now draw close enough to join in the talk. Is there quick lifting of heads, guilty looks and sudden change of the subject? There is not, for

Miss Wilson and Mr. Nagel, who play together in many Paramount pictures, are discussing similar phases of their respective church work. Miss Wilson teaches a Sunday School class, in a Hollywood church, every week, and Mr. Nagel is an usher in the beautiful Christian Science Church of Hollywood.

Do you know who lives in Hollywood? May McAvoy! May, who started out to be a school teacher, and who is still a little like one. May McAvoy, with her big appealing eyes, through which one can look right into her soul. She lives in Hollywood, and if it is true that a little shall leaven the whole lump, then the sweetness and loveliness of her little person alone would be enough, in time, to turn Hollywood to the right—if it needed turning.

Priscilla Dean, pretty and peppy, with never a breath of criticism to dim the shining shield of her domesticity with Hubby Wheeler Oakman. (And so I could go on and on, and soon infringe upon the scope of the Hollywood directory.)

Perhaps you would like to know about the girl who has not yet won success, who receives a modest salary, and might be subject to temptation. For her there is the Studio Club, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., of which you have read; advisory committees of the women's clubs, and various cooperative enterprises.

For the ill-advised or headstrong girl who starts for Hollywood with only enough money to buy her ticket, without any particular talent or training, or any assurance of finding work, the best possible thing is being done by the community and the studios. Propaganda is constantly being published warning girls not to embark upon such a foolhardy errand. Only those who will not see can escape this warning, which I have read in many places and forms, and to which I heartily subscribe.

Yes, we have hotels in Hollywood. They are just like the hotels in Florida or any other Southern resort: palms out in the yard, and palms in

the lobby. The guest list of several of the Hollywood hotels contain more great names, in literature, drama and the plastic arts, than they would bear if Hollywood did not happen to be the moving picture capital, but they contain no more food for scandal. Not so much. Because most of the people who live there are very busy indeed. They are learning about pictures during working hours, and the rest of the time they are hunting houses.

Shall I tell you about the splendid schools and churches, the Woman's Club and other clubs of Hollywood, and their social and artistic activities in their handsome buildings? Shall I repeat what I have been told by the satisfied and loyal Hollywood tradespeople of their dealings with customers who are "in the pictures?" No, there is neither space nor necessity.

I leave it in your hands and hearts. What we have passed through has been a peculiar, long-distance manifestation of the mob spirit, with Hollywood and its people as the victims—but this will pass, and common sense will prevail.

—BETTY COMPTON.

The Popular High School Girl Contest

When the representative of the firm of public accountants who are making the final check on votes received in the POPULAR HIGH SCHOOL GIRL CONTEST saw the stack of votes sent in, particularly those that reached us during the last two weeks of the contest period, he almost had to be revived.

However, he gritted his teeth, sharpened his pencil and went at it.

We will let you know what the verdict is as soon as he gives it.

Watch the columns of "Movie Weekly."



Mary Ball 4.
winner of first Prize

Mary Pickford PRIZE WINNERS

It gives us pleasure to announce that our readers have selected the two young ladies who most nearly resemble MARY PICKFORD and whose pictures we are re-printing from the Mary Pickford page of January 21st.

MARGUERITE BALL

of Kenosha, Wis., is the LUCKY GIRL who wins the \$25.00 first prize with 237 votes. Her picture was Number 4.

MARY HOWARD

of New York City, whose picture was Number 9, runs a close second to the winner, having received 224 votes entitling her to two subscriptions to the "Movie Weekly."

The other seven young ladies who were contestants received votes giving them the following places.

SELMA KURAN (No. 6)	3rd Place
ADELLE GORDON (No. 3)	4th "
GRACE CASERIA (No. 7)	5th "
MARY FLYNN SMITH (No. 1)	6th "
DOROTHY WILLIAMS (No. 2)	7th "
BILLIE BECKER (No. 8)	8th "
ANNA JOSEPHSON (No. 5)	9th "

We thank the girls who have taken part in this interesting contest and our readers who, as the final judges, have made the above decisions.

Next week we will announce the NORMA TALMADGE CONTEST winners.



Mary 9.
Howard
winner of second Prize

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"THE YOUNGER SET"

(Continued from page 10)

"*Spero meliora*," retorted Selwyn, laughing; but there remained the obstinate squareness of jaw, and his amused eyes were clear and steady. Young Lawn looked into them and the hope in him flickered; Austin looked, and shrugged; but as they all turned away to retrace their steps across the moors in the direction of Silverside, Lansing lightly hooked his arm into Selwyn's; and Gerald, walking thoughtfully on the other side, turned over and over in his mind the proposition offered him—the spectacle of a modern and needy man to whom money appeared to be the last consideration in a plain matter of business. Also he turned over other matters in his mind; and moved closer to Selwyn, walking beside him with grave eyes bent on the ground.

The matter of business arrangements apparently ended then and there; Lawn's company sent several men to Selwyn and wrote him a great many letters—unlike the Government, which had not replied to his briefly tentative suggestion that Chaosite be conditionally examined, tested, and considered.

So the matter remained in abeyance, and Selwyn employed two extra men and continued storage tests and experimented with rifled and smooth-bore tubes, watchfully uncertain yet as to the necessity of inventing a solvent to neutralize possible corrosion after a propelling charge had been exploded. Everybody in the vicinity had heard about his experiments; everybody pretended interest, but few were sincere; and of the sincere, few were unselfishly interested—his sister, Eileen, Drina, and Lansing—and maybe one or two others.

However, the younger set, now predominant from Wyossett to Wonder Head, made up parties to visit Selwyn's cottage, which had become known as The Chrysalis; and Selwyn good-naturedly exploded a pinch or two of the stuff for their amusement, and never betrayed the slightest annoyance or boredom. In fact, he behaved so amiably during gratuitous interruptions that he won the hearts of the younger set, who presently came to the unanimous conclusion that there was Romance in the air. And they sniffed it with delicate noses up-tilted and like the aroma.

Kathleen Lawn, a big, leisurely, blond-skinned girl, who showed her teeth when she laughed and shook hands like a man, declared him "adorable" but "unsatisfactory," which started one of the Dresden-china twins, Dorothy Minster, and she, in turn, ventured the innocent opinion that Selwyn was misunderstood by most people—an inference that she herself understood him. And she smiled to herself when she made this observation, up to her neck in the surf; and Eileen, hearing the remark, smiled to herself, too. But she felt the slightest bit uncomfortable when that animated brunette Gladys Orchil, climbing up dripping on to the anchored float beyond the breakers, frankly confessed that the tinge of mystery enveloping Selwyn's career made him not only adorable, but agreeably "unfathomable"; and that she meant to experiment with him at every opportunity.

Sheila Minster, seated on the raft's edge, swinging her stockinged legs in the green swells that swept steadily shoreward, modestly admitted that Selwyn was "sweet," particularly in a canoe on a moonlight night—in spite of her weighty mother heavily afloat in the vicinity.

"He's nice every minute," she said—"every fibre of him is nice in the nicest sense. He never talks 'down' at you—like an insufferable undergraduate; and he is so much of a man—such a real man!—that I like him," she added naively; "and I'm quite sure he likes me, because he said so."

"I like him," said Gladys Orchil, "because he has a sense of humor and stands straight. I like a sense of humor and—good shoulders. He's an enigma; and I like that, too. . . . I'm going to investigate him every chance I get."

Dorothy Minster liked him, too: "He's such a regular boy at times," she explained; "I do love to see him without his hat sauntering along beside me—and not talking every minute when you don't wish to talk. Friends," she

added—"true friends are most eloquent in their mutual silence. Ahem!"

Eileen Erroll, standing near on the pitching raft, listened intently, but curiously enough said nothing either in praise or blame.

"He is exactly the right age," insisted Gladys—as though somebody had said he was not—"the age when a man is most interesting."

The Minster twins twiddled their legs and looked sentimentally at the ocean. They were a pair of pink and white little things with china-blue eyes and the fairest of hair, and they were very impressionable; and when they thought of Selwyn they looked unutterable things at the Atlantic Ocean.

One man, often the least suitable, is usually the unanimous choice of the younger set where, in the disconcerting summer time, the youthful congregate in garrulous segregation.

Their choice they expressed frankly and innocently; they admitted cheerfully that Selwyn was their idol. But that gentleman remained totally unconscious that he had been set up by them upon the shores of the

The Minster twins gazed soulfully at the Atlantic; Eileen Erroll bit her under lip and stood up suddenly. "Come on," she said; joined her hands skyward, poised, and plunged. One after another the others followed and, rising to the surface, struck out shoreward.

On the sunlit sands dozens of young people were hurling tennis-balls at each other. Above the beach, under the long pavilions, sat mothers and chaperons. Motors, beach-carts, and victorias were still arriving to discharge gaily dressed fashionables—for the hour was early—and up and down the inclined wooden walk leading from the bathing-pavilion to the sands, a constant procession of bathers passed with nod and gesture of laughing salutation, some already retiring to the showers after a brief ocean plunge, the majority running down to the shore, eager for the first frosty and aromatic embrace of the surf rolling in under a cloudless sky of blue.

As Eileen Erroll emerged from the surf and came wading shoreward through the seething shallows, she caught sight of Selwyn sauntering across the sands toward the water, and halted, knee-deep, smilingly expectant, certain that he had seen her.

Gladys Orchil, passing her, saw Selwyn at the same moment, and her clear ringing salute and slender arm aloft, arrested his attention; and the next moment they were off together, swimming toward the sponson canoe which Gerald had just launched with the assistance of Sandon Craig and Scott Innis.

For a moment Eileen

stood there, motionless. Knee-high the flat cbb boiled and hissed, dragging at her stockinged feet as though to draw her seaward with the others. Yesterday she would have gone, without a thought, to join the others; but yesterday is yesterday. It seemed to her, as she stood there, that something disquieting had suddenly come into the world; something unpleasant—but indefinite—yet sufficient to leave her vaguely apprehensive.

The saner emotions which have their birth in reason she was not ignorant of; emotion arising from nothing at all disconcerted her—nor could she comprehend the slight quickening of her heartbeats as she waded to the beach, while every receding film of water tugged at her limbs as though to draw her backward in the wake of her unquiet thoughts.

Somebody threw a tennis-ball at her; she caught it and hurled it in return; and for a few minutes the white, felt-covered balls flew back and forth from scores of graceful, eager hands. A moment or two passed when no balls came her way; she turned and walked to the foot of a dune and seated herself cross-legged on the hot sand.

Sometimes she watched the ball players, sometimes

she exchanged a word of amiable commonplace with people who passed or halted to greet her. But she invited nobody to remain, and nobody ventured to, not even several very young and ardent gentlemen who had acquired only the rudiments of social sense. For there was a sweet but distant look in her dark-blue eyes and a certain reserved preoccupation in her acknowledgment of salutations. And these kept the would-be adorer moving—wistful, lagging, but still moving along the edge of that invisible barrier set between her and the world with her absent-minded greeting, and her serious, beautiful eyes fixed so steadily on a distant white spot—the sponson canoe where Gladys and Selwyn sat, their paddle blades flashing in the sun.

How far away they were. . . . Gerald was with them. . . . Curious that Selwyn had not seen her waiting for him, knee-deep in the surf—curious that he had seen Gladys instead. . . . True, Gladys had called to him and signalled him, white arm upflung. . . . Gladys was very pretty—with her heavy, dark hair and melting, Spanish eyes, and her softly rounded, olive-skinned figure. . . . Gladys had called to him, and she had not. . . . That was true; and lately—for the last few days—or perhaps more—she herself had been a trifle less impulsive in her greeting of Selwyn—a little less *sans-facon* with him. . . . After all, a man comes when it pleases him. Why should a girl call him?—unless she—unless—unless—

Perplexed, her grave eyes fixed on the sea where now the white canoe pitched nearer, she dropped both hands to the sand—those once wonderfully white hands, now creamed with sun tan; and her arms, too, were tinted from shoulder to finger-tip. Then she straightened her



"In this life's cruise a good sailor always answers a friendly hail."

summer sea.

In leisure moments he often came down to the bathing-beach at the hour made fashionable; he conducted himself amiably with dowager and chaperon, with portly father and nimble brother, with the late debutantes of the younger set and the younger matrons, individually, collectively, impartially.

He and Gerald usually challenged the rollers in a sponson canoe when Gerald was there for the week-end; or, when Lansing came down, the two took long swims seaward or cruised about in Gerald's dory, clad in their swimming-suits; and Selwyn's youth became renewed in a manner almost ridiculous, so that the fine lines which had threatened the corners of his mouth and eyes disappeared, and the clear sun tan of the tropics, which had never wholly faded, came back over a smooth skin as clear as a boy's, though not as smoothly rounded. His hair, too, crisped and grew lighter under the burning sun, which revealed, at the temples, the slightest hint of silver. And this deepened the fascination of the younger set for the idol they had set up upon the sands of Silver-side.

Gladys was still eloquent on the subject, lying flat on the raft where all were now gathered in a wet row, indulging in sunshine and the two minutes of gossip which always preceded their return swim to the beach.

"It is partly his hair," she said gravely, "that makes him so distinguished in his appearance—just that touch of silver; and you keep looking and looking until you scarcely know whether it's really beginning to turn a little gray or whether it's only a lighter color at the temples. How insipid is a mere boy after such a man as Captain Selwyn! . . . I have dreamed of such a man—several times."

legs, crossed her feet, and leaned a trifle forward, balancing her body on both palms flat on the sand. The sun beat down on her; she loosened her hair to dry it, and as she shook her delicate head the superb red-gold mass came tumbling about her face and shoulders. Under its glimmering splendor, and through it, she stared seaward out of wide, preoccupied eyes; and in her breast, stirring uneasily, a pulse, intermittent yet dully importunate, persisted.

The canoe, drifting toward the surf, was close in, now. Gerald rose and dived; Gladys, steadying herself by a slim hand on Selwyn's shoulder, stood up on the bow, ready to plunge clear when the canoe capsized.

How wonderfully pretty she was, balanced there, her hand on his shoulder, ready for a leap, lest the heavy canoe, rolling over in the froth, strike her under the smother of foam and water. . . . How marvellously pretty she was. . . . Her hand on his shoulder. . . .

Miss Erroll sat very still; but the pulse within her was not still.

When the canoe suddenly capsized, Gladys jumped, but Selwyn went with it, boat and man tumbling into the tumult over and over; and the usual laughter from the onlookers rang out, and a dozen young people rushed into the surf to right the canoe and push it out into the surf again and clamber into it.

Gerald was among the number; Gladys swam toward it, beckoning imperiously to Selwyn; but he had his back to the sea and was moving slowly out through the flat swirling ebb. And as Eileen looked, she saw a dark streak leap across his face—saw him stoop and wash it off and stand, looking blindly about, while again the sudden dark line criss-crossed his face from temple to chin, and spread wider like a stain.

"Philip!" she called, springing to her feet and scarcely knowing that she had spoken.

He heard her, and came toward her in a halting, dazed way, stopping twice to cleanse his face of the bright blood that streaked it.

"It's nothing," he said—"the infernal thing hit me. . . . Oh, don't use that!" as she drenched her kerchief in cold sea-water and held it toward him with both hands. "Take it—I beg of you," she stammered. "Is it serious?"

"Why, no," he said, his senses clearing; "it was only a rap on the head—and this blood is merely a nuisance. . . . Thank you, I will use your kerchief if you insist. . . . It'll stop in a moment, anyway."

"Please sit here," she said—"here where I've been sitting."

He did so, muttering: "What a nuisance. It will stop in a second. . . . You needn't remain here with me, you know. Go in; it is simply glorious."

"I've been in; I was drying my hair." He glanced up, smiling; then, as the wet kerchief against his forehead reddened, he started to rise, but she took it from his fingers, hastened to the water's edge, rinsed it, and brought it back cold and wet.

"Please sit perfectly still," she said; "a girl likes to do this sort of thing for a man."

"If I'd known that," he laughed, "I'd have had it happen frequently."

She only shook her head, watching him unsmiling. But the pulse in her had become very quiet again.

"It's no end of fun in that canoe," he observed. "Gladys Orchil and I work it beautifully."

"I saw you did," she nodded.

"Oh! Where were you? Why didn't you come?"

"I don't know. Gladys called you. I was waiting for you—expecting you. Then Gladys called you."

"I didn't see you," he said.

"I didn't call you," she observed serenely. And, after a moment: "Do you see only those who hail you, Captain Selwyn?"

He laughed: "In this life's cruise a good sailor always answers a friendly hail."

"So do I," she said. "Please hail me after this—because I don't care to take the initiative. If you neglect to do it, don't count on my hailing you . . . any more."

The stain spread on the kerchief; once more she went to the water's edge, rinsed it, and returned with it.

"I think it has almost stopped bleeding," she remarked as he laid the cloth against his forehead. "You frightened me, Captain Selwyn. I am not easily frightened."

"I know it."

"Did you know I was frightened?"

"Of course I did."

"Oh," she said, vexed, "how could you know it? I didn't do anything silly, did I?"

"No; you very sensibly called me Philip. That's how I knew you were frightened."

A slow bright color stained face and neck.

"So I was silly, after all," she said, biting at her under lip and trying to meet his humorous gray eyes with unconcern. But her face was burning now, and, aware of it, she turned her gaze resolutely on the sea. Also, to her further annoyance, her heart awoke, beating unwarrantably, absurdly, until the dreadful idea seized her that he could hear it. Disconcerted, she stood up—a straight youthful figure against the sea.

"Shall we swim?" he asked her.

She half turned and looked around and down at him.

"I'm all right; it's stopped bleeding. Shall we?" he inquired, looking up at her. "You've got to wash your hair again, anyhow."

She said, feeling suddenly stupid and childish, and knowing she was speaking stupidly: "Would you not rather join Gladys again? I thought that—that—"

"Thought what?"

"Nothing," she said, furious at herself; "I am going to

the showers. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he said, troubled—"unless we walk to the pavilion together—"

"But you are going in again; are you not?"

"Not unless you do."

"W—what have I to do with it, Captain Selwyn?"

"It's a big ocean—and rather lonely without you," he said so seriously that she looked around again and laughed.

"It's full of pretty girls just now. Plunge in, my melancholy friend. The whole ocean is a dream of fair women to-day."

"If they be not fair to me, what care I how fair they be," he paraphrased, springing to his feet and keeping step beside her.

"Really, that won't do," she said; "much moonlight and Gladys and the Minster twins convict you. Do you remember that I told you one day in early summer—that Sheila and Dorothy and Gladys would mark you for their own? Oh, my inconstant courtier, they are yonder!—And I absolve you. Adieu!"

"Do you remember what I told you—one day in early summer?" he returned coolly.

Her heart began its absurd beating again—but now there was no trace of pain in it—nothing of apprehension in the echo of the pulse either.

"You protested so many things, Captain Selwyn—"

"Yes—and one thing in particular. You've forgotten it, I see." And he looked her in the eye.

"No," she said, "you are wrong. I have not forgotten."

"Nor I."

He halted, looking out over the shining breakers. "I'm glad you have not forgotten what I said; because, you see, I'm forbidden to repeat it. So I shall be quite helpless to aid you in case your memory fails."

"I don't think it will fail," she said, looking at the flashing sea. A curious tingling sensation of fright had seized her—something entirely unknown to her heretofore. She spoke again because frightened; the heavy, hard pulse in breast and throat played tricks with her voice and she swallowed and attempted to steady it: "I—if I ever forget, you will know it as soon as I do—"

Her throat seemed to close in a quick, unsteady breath; she halted, both small hands clinched:

"Don't talk this way?" she said, exasperated under a rush of sensations utterly incomprehensible—stinging, confused emotions that beat chaotic time to the clamour of her pulses. "Why d-do you speak of such things?" she repeated with a fierce little indrawn breath—"why do you?—when you know—when I said—explained everything?" She looked at him fearfully: "You are somehow spoiling our friendship," she said; "and I don't exactly know how you are doing it, but something of the comfort of it is being taken away from me—and don't! don't! don't do it!"

She covered her eyes with her clinched hands, stood a moment sharply with a gesture which left him standing there and walked rapidly across the beach to the pavilion.

After a little while he followed, pursuing his way very leisurely to his own quarters. Half an hour later when she emerged with her maid, Selwyn was not waiting for her as usual; and, scarcely understanding that she was finding an excuse for lingering, she stood for ten minutes on the step of the Orchil's touring-car, talking to Gladys about the lantern fete and dance to be given that night at Hitherwood House.

Evidently Selwyn had already gone home. Gerald came lagging up with Sheila Minster; but his sister did not ask him whether Selwyn had gone. Yesterday she would have done so; but to-day had brought to her the strangest sensation of her young life—a sudden and overpowering fear of a friend; and yet, strangest of all, the very friend she feared she was waiting for—contriving to find excuses to wait for. Surely he could not have finished dressing and have gone. He had never before done that. Why did he not come? It was late; people were leaving the pavilion; victorias and beach-paetons were trundling off loaded to the water-line with fat dowagers; gay groups passed, hailing her or waving adieu; Drina drove up in her village-cart, calling out: "Are you coming, Eileen, or are you going to walk over? Hurry up! I'm hungry."

"I'll go with you," she said, nodding adieu to Gladys; and she swung off the step and crossed the shell road.

"Jump in," urged the child; "I'm in a dreadful hurry, and Odin can't trot very fast."

"Which are you most in a hurry for?" asked Eileen curiously; "luncheon or Boots?"

"Both—I don't know. What a silly question. Boots of course! But I'm starving, too."

"Boots? Of course?"

"Certainly. He always comes first—just like Captain Selwyn with you."

"Like Captain Selwyn with me," she repeated absently, "certainly; Captain Selwyn should be first, everything else second. But how did you find out that, Drina?"

"Why, anybody can see that," said the child contemptuously; "you are as fast friends with Uncle Philip as I am with Boots. And why you don't marry him I can't see—unless you're not old enough. Are you?"

"Yes. . . . I am old enough, dear."

"Then why don't you? If I was old enough to marry Boots I'd do it. Why don't you?"

"I don't know," said Miss Erroll, as though speaking to herself.

Drina glanced at her, then flourished her be-ribboned whip, which whistling threat had no perceptible effect on the fat, red, Norwegian pony.

"I'll tell you what," said the child, "if you don't ask

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Eileen nodded: "Yes, it is better to be in plenty of time. You can't tell what Sultana may forestall you."

"So you'll tell him, won't you?" inquired Drina with business-like briskness.

Miss Erroll looked absently at her: "Tell who what?"

"Uncle Philip—that you're going to marry him when you're old enough."

"Yes—when I'm old enough—I'll tell him, Drina."

"Oh, no; I mean you'll marry him when you're old enough, but you'd better tell him right away."

"I see; I'd better speak immediately. Thank you, dear, for suggesting it."

"You're quite welcome," said the child seriously; "and I hope you'll be as happy as I am."

"I hope so," said Eileen as the pony-cart drew up by the veranda and a groom took the pony's head.

(Continued next week.)



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Handwriting of Stars

(Continued from page 7)

the long, sweeping, curved stroke of his "J" is the semaphore flashing physical activity, great endurance, recklessness and courage, in all lines of endeavor. Let anyone dare him to take any risk and he will never hesitate. Socially he is a good mixer with a frank, open nature. But even at that he has a curious fashion at keeping his own counsel.

Doris Kenyon

Dash, fire, gaiety, cheerfulness and a tremendous desire to become a thorough workman in the line of artistic endeavor, are the leading pen-traits of Doris Kenyon. She dashes across the page with an exaltation of spirit, enthusiasm, having as persistent a will and unflagging energy as the elongated "t" crossings shout aloud. Just try to interfere with this writer's fertile ideas or actions, and you will retire from her location post-haste. Like a barbed-wire fence, her sharpened style protects her and strengthens her convictions and opinions. There is a steady devotion to her friends, and oddly enough she does not care a rap if there are people who do not like her. A belief that she will attain her end anyhow and independently! Colorful is her script and shaded—a revelation of high ability to reflect emotion and feeling in any situation, professional or otherwise. She does love appreciation and praise. It is the salad of her existence. She has initiative and courage. Impulsive? Yes, indeed.

Jack Holt

The distinctive form and character portrayed by Jack Holt, with his original unique capitals and rigid down strokes, indicate a personality strongly prominent in his ability to attract attention. A written lode-stone, having a brain which functions keenly, and a mind alert to grasp all opportunities. The power in his positively shaded pressure reflects his decisive trend to get things. After he initialed his first name, he stopped with a quick breath—reflection and a certain canny fashion of visualizing his ideas or mental pictures so that actually he can make them count in the terms of accomplishment. He has a sense of values, an excellent analytical method of dissecting each bit of work, and then applying a finished touch to his own interpretation.

Mary Pickford

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" is a quotation which expresses one side of the character of Mary Pickford, for in every positive down-stroke in her signature and carefully-formed vertical letters, she is insistent that her own ideas and rights shall, at least, be given every consideration.

Sensitive pride always arrives to her rescue—pride in creating artistic things, in finished workmanship. She senses the value of new ideas intuitively and holds them with a grip. But as each word is curved with a delicately deliberate movement, upstanding on a pedestal, as it were, she will yield gracefully when she feels that she has to. And never otherwise. In personal and intimate affairs she would never know when she was beaten. Her original capital "P" is an invitation to regard her as fairly and squarely a person who really knows what she is about—with a strong undercurrent of will-power to work and work with large industry. There is little subtlety. Frank and straightforward, but can dodge an issue occasionally with deliberation. You will not catch her napping, believe me. Her type of writing exhibits a love of nature, animals, music and certain kinds of excitement. But discreet with her excitements. She demands freedom for the expression of her own individuality and gets it. And will! To her success is the major theme upon which she weaves her life. Oddly enough, her tastes and pleasures are simple.

Doug Fairbanks

"I don't care a damn" is the characteristic offhand expression of thought as shown by the holograph written by Douglas Fairbanks. His intellect works with intensity, reinforced by his dominant continuous pressure and club-like formations descending below his lines with little curlicues. A combination of reserved force, en-



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durance, daring and wit. You cannot feast this writer. Note his very low small letters pointed at the top with frequent stopping points in his words. Shrewd to the nth degree! Penetration and the ability to scheme and plan are his traits. He executes with a certain kind of domination which he assumes is all right.

Still the originality shown in many combined strokes, curves abounding throughout, signify his genial temperament. But, Lord, how very cross he can be occasionally! He is a happy alliance of thrift and extravagance. Although he is dashingly exuberant, with it is a susceptible nature—one, sensitive! But he does not show this openly. Consummate nerve is his animating tendency, while his impulses propel him naturally to take all kinds of chances just for the devilment of it. Each extraordinary capital and looped letter strives to reveal his varied kinds of imagination and intellectual fertility. Actually he is no where near as commercial as some people may delight to believe. His success is due to an electric current which is turned on everlastingly. His individuality drives him to do and work for definite ends—vigorously.

In this group of pen-personalities, the reader will observe how each individual expresses the interior force which bears each one to some particular goal. To some particular niche largely self-constructed! So from the widely varied types as far as written information is concerned, it is possible to compare the writing of others with the above and then glean whether actual screen star elements are present. And if so, stop and reflect. And if not so—why, it is up to you!

WILLIAM LESLIE FRENCH.

The Dramatic Loves of the Barrymores

(Continued from page 9)

Michael Strange is a young woman, eight years younger than the still youthful Jack Barrymore. Moreover, she is a famous beauty, named by the noted French artist, Paul Helleu, as the most beautiful woman in the United States.

As if to crown their happiness, the Barrymore couple produced last year with their famous relative, Ethel, the briefly successful play, "Clair de Lune," written by Michael Strange, with Jack Barrymore playing the leading male role and designing the settings and costumes. Ethel Barrymore interpreted the leading feminine role. This over-sophisticated production lasted but a short time on Broadway, despite the drawing power of the names associated with it.

Later in the year a baby was born to the couple. In the meantime, Jack Barrymore went on with his motion picture work. He made "The Lotus Eater," in New York and Florida. He followed this with "Sherlock Holmes." This winter for the first time came reports that his second marriage was proceeding no more successfully than his first, despite the advantages which it enjoyed in the artistic associations of the couple.

The present difficulty, it is said, is due to too much art rather than not enough.

Mrs. Barrymore's trip to Bermuda this winter with her mother has done nothing to set aside these rumors, which grew in volume as she continued her absence through the winter season. Whether the arrangement providing for two establishments will be permanent is unknown at the present time.

It is interesting in this connection to note that Leonard Thomas has remarried. The former Katherine Harris has also found a new mate in Alexander D. C. Pratt, society man and millionaire.

Such are the outstanding features of the loves of John Barrymore. Perhaps some day a brilliant writer who is conversant with all of the details, will write in the form of a novel the story of this remarkable family, leaders through three generations of the American stage, and dashing capable of living lives which are quite as romantically interesting as those of any of the stage and screen characters they so ably portray.

LEWIS F. LEVINSON.

Fighting the King of Crooks

(Continued from page 24)

"What?" cried Mrs. Bowerby. "You talk like a fool, or worse."

"Mother, you have his address and you must give it to Mr. Burchard," Hattie said firmly.

"I will do nothing of the sort. What this man says is ridiculous. Mr. Harwood is known to my people. A bank robber, indeed!"

"He had letters from your people, but are you sure they were not forgeries? Have you done anything to verify them?"

"Yes I have," she returned triumphantly. "I have written to them about him, and have had their answers. So you see!"

"He is cleverer than I thought," said Burchard; "but he is a scoundrel just the same, and has had a hand in the disappearance of Peter Wilcox. He came here to inveigle your daughter into a marriage for the sake of her money."

Mrs. Bowerby laughed scornfully. "My daughter has no money excepting a few hundred dollars; and for all I know you have that now. You are a fool if you are not a knave; and you will get out of here or I will call the police. Get out!" She pointed threateningly to the door.

"You are mistaken about your daughter not being rich, Mrs. Bowerby," the detective answered quietly. "Neither you nor she knows anything about it, but Harwood knows all about it; and it was to get Peter Wilcox out of his way that the bank robbery was laid at his door."

Hattie stared at him as if she, too, began to have doubts of him. Mrs. Bowerby looked at him disdainfully. "Money and not know it!" she sneered. "That's likely, isn't it?"

"It is true; your daughter is a great heiress. Her father's uncle left her the money as near as I can make out. When I have seen Harwood I shall know all about it. Disbelieve me if you like, but you will be doing your daughter a great injury if you don't give me Harwood's address. Suppose I am wrong, what harm can it do to let me see him?"

"I won't be a party to having him disturbed at this hour; it's bad enough to have been waked up ourselves with your preposterous story."

"Listen to me, Mrs. Bowerby," Burchard said with impressive sternness, "I left him not long ago in the company of the men who robbed the bank, and also in the company of that Lola Leslie with whom Wilcox's name has been associated. I heard him tell them that he was sure of marrying your daughter because he had you on his side. One of the robbers has already confessed to me that after the marriage your daughter's huge fortune was to be divided among them. Furthermore the life of Peter Wilcox may depend on my seeing this man Harwood."

Mrs. Bowerby was shaken. "It seems incredible," she murmured.

"Have you any reason besides your dislike for me for not giving his address?" Burchard demanded sternly.

"Mother!" cried Hattie fiercely. "Give him the address at once! If every word he utters is untrue you have no right to withhold the address. If Mr. Harwood were the best man in the world—and I am sure he is far from it—I would not marry him. I love Peter with all my heart and soul; and if by your obstinacy anything happens to him, I will never see you or speak to you again. Give him the address, I tell you!"

Startled, perhaps frightened by her daughter's unwonted fierceness, Mrs. Bowerby meekly gave the address.

Hattie put her hand on Burchard's arm. "Are you sure of the things you have said?"

"Perfectly sure."

"And you can find Peter? He—he is alive?"

"I shall find him and I think he is alive; but I must be quick or he may not be. He is in danger."

"Go! go then!" she said, urging him toward the door. "But you will let me know as soon as possible? I shall not sleep until I know."

"It will take me some time," he answered reassuringly. "I don't know when I shall have any word for you, so you must be patient; but some time during the morning I will bring you news of him."

HARWOOD lived in a hotel on Seventh Avenue not far from Times Square.

"The chief wants to see you," the clerk called up in accordance with the detective's prompting; and then turned to the latter. "He says to go right up. Front! show the gentleman to seven hundred and nine."

Harwood opened the door with an expression on his face appropriate to the reception of the chief. At the sight of the detective whom he thought to be in durance in the house on Long Island, his jaw dropped and his eyes filled with the expression one might expect to see in those of a trapped animal. He backed away without a word.

(Concluded next week)

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